

THE PEERLESS POEMS OF DAVID, THE KING



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In A New Metrical Version

By "J. C."



*"Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord.
Praise ye the Lord!"*—*Psalm 150:6.*

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FOREWORD

Perhaps no book in the "Book of Books" has been so frequently quoted by all classes of Christian readers as the Book of Psalms.

The First Psalm is well called "The Psalm of Psalms" as it is the preface to the whole collection.

The best known passage of Scripture is undoubtedly the Twenty-third Psalm. It has given courage, comfort and counsel to more Christians, perhaps, than any other portion of the Word of God. It is the "Psalm of the Crook" where we see the Shepherd leading His sheep in the green pastures, and gathering with His loved ones at the Table.

The Twenty-second Psalm is the Psalm of the Cross. In it we see the God-man on the cruel tree, dying for sinners; hear His cry "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" and see the picture of Jehovah paying the price of sin.

The Twenty-fourth Psalm is the "Psalm of the Crown,"—the heavens are open, the King of glory comes and ascends to the heights with His own. We could tarry here with the reader and bask in the sunshine of His face who is King of kings, and Lord of lords.

* * * * *

A young woman, a lover of the Lord and of His Word, commenced years ago on Sunday afternoons to meditate on the Psalms and to put in verse form those which were her favorites. She had no thought, at first, of publishing them, but finally the thought came to her that she would not like to come to the Judgment and not be able to give a satisfactory account of her "one talent." Acting upon this conviction, she has now completed the versification of the entire Book of Psalms, with a rare spiritual understanding and perception which will at once be apparent to the reader.

The author herself has so modest an opinion of the merit of her book that she declines to allow her name to appear on the title page and the publishers have, therefore, reluctantly acceded to her request.

We feel sure that these Psalms, so wisely and exquisitely metered, will prove to be an untold blessing to a host of lovers of the Word, coming, as they do, as an expression of the heart's devotion of one whose delight is in the law of her Lord, and in whose law she has meditated day and night. Of her it could well be said, "The Lord is my strength and my shield; my heart trusted in him, and I am helped; therefore my heart greatly rejoiceth; and with my song will I praise him." (Psalm 28:7.)

We take genuine pleasure in commending this volume to the saints which are scattered abroad throughout the world.



Superintendent, Bible Institute
of Los Angeles.

PSALM 1

Blest is the man that doth not walk
In ways that evil men devise;
Nor stands unmoved where sinners mock,
Nor sits where scorners flaunt their lies.

But he observes the law of God,
And in it takes his chief delight;
To follow it his feet are shod;
It gives to him unerring sight.

He's like a tree that's planted near
The living waters flowing by;
Whose fruit in season shall appear,
Whose leaf, unwithered, shall not die.

But the ungodly are not so;
They, like the chaff before the wind,
Are tossed which way the breeze may blow,
Nor can a sure position find.

Therefore, ungodly men shall ne'er
With saints before the Judgment stand;
Nor sinners with the righteous share
That blessed place at God's right hand.

For sure the Lord doth know the way
Of all His righteous here below,
But the ungodly, as they stray,
Shall perish in unending woe.

PSALM 2

Why do the heathen rage,
And fret themselves for nought?
Why daily bow before the gods
Their own weak hands have wrought?

Their kings do set themselves;
Their rulers counsel take
Against the Lord, and vainly try
His cords and bands to break.

The Lord their work derides,
And laughs their plots to scorn:
He in His wrath will visit them,
And bring their souls to mourn.

While on His heavenly throne,
The Lord said unto me:
Thou art my Son, this day
Have I begotten Thee.

Ask me, and I will give
The heathen for Thine own;
And all the earth, from pole to pole,
Shall be to Thee a throne.

Thou'l break them with a rod,
A rod of iron strong;
In pieces Thou shalt dash the hopes
Of all that do Thee wrong.

Be wise, O kings! and hear,
Ye judges of the earth!
Come ye with fear and serve the Lord;
Rejoice with trembling mirth.

Kiss ye the Son in peace;
Bow ye before His throne,
Lest He in anger turn away,
And all thy works disown.

Thrice blessed are all they
That put in Him their trust,
For He is righteous evermore,
And all His laws are just.

PSALM 3

How are they increased, O Lord,
That rise up to trouble me!
Unto me Thy help afford,
Thy salvation let me see.
Many now of me would say:
There's no help for him in God;
Lord, Thou art my shield and stay,
Thou wilt lift from me the rod.

Lo! e'en while I prayed and wept,
He on Zion heard my voice;
Then I laid me down and slept,
And awakened to rejoice;
For the Lord didst me sustain,
When I was in dark despair;
Never shall I fear again,
When my foes surround me there.

Lord, arise! save me, I pray!
Thou my foes hast smitten all;
Thou didst conquer them and slay,
When I did unto Thee call.

Surely to the Lord belongs
Full salvation for His own:
Let us tell in thankful songs,
Help is found in Him alone.

PSALM 4

God of my righteousness, I pray,
Hear Thou my call from day to day;
Thou hast consoled me in distress,
Hear now when I Thy throne address.

Ye sons of men, how long will ye
My glory turn to vanity?
How long will ye unbridled speak,
And ev'ry new deception seek?

Know that the Lord hath set apart
Him that is godly in his heart:
I, worshiping, before Him fall,
And He will hear me when I call.

In awe stand ye and sin no more;
The Lord by grace wilt thee restore;
Commune with your own heart; be still;
The Lord will you with gladness fill.

Before His presence humbly bow,
And faithfulness unto Him vow;
Show forth the worship of the just,
And in the Lord put all your trust.

These words by all are understood:
Who now will show us any good?
Lift, Lord, Thy countenance of light;
Refresh us with the wondrous sight.

Thou hast put joy within my heart;
Yea, more than corn and wine impart
When they o'erflow, and running down
The fruitful earth in glory crown.

I'll lay me down in peace and sleep;
Thy watchful care my frame doth keep;
In safety Thou dost make me dwell,
Thou, Lord, who doest all things well.

PSALM 5

Give ear unto my words;
My meditations hear;
Jehovah, now unto my prayer,
Most graciously give ear.

When morning light appears,
And tints the eastern sky,
Then shall my prayer ascend to Thee,
Then shall I look on high.

Thou art a holy God,
No evil dwells with Thee;
The wicked stand not in Thy sight,
Thou hatest iniquity.

Thou wilt destroy all them
That lying words do speak;
The bloody and deceitful man,
Thou wilt in anger seek.

But as for me, O God,
My feet shall seek Thy gate;
And in Thy house, with sacred fear,
I, worshiping, shall wait.

Lead me, O Lord, aright;
Lead me by truth and grace;
Because of enemies, make straight
The way before my face.

For they've no faithfulness;
Their hands are full of sin;
Their throat's an open sepulcher
Where evil enters in.

Destroy Thou them, O God,
Let all their counsels fail;
For their transgressions cast them out,
For they didst 'gainst Thee rail.

But let all those rejoice
That put their trust in Thee;
Because Thou hast defended them,
Let them still grateful be.

For Thou, O Lord, wilt bless
The righteous with Thy grace;
With favor Thou wilt compass him,
Who seeks in fear Thy face.

PSALM 6

Rebuke me not in anger, Lord,
Nor in displeasure chasten me,
For I am weak; Thy grace afford;
Let me Thy healing powers see.

My soul is troubled; Lord, how long
Wilt Thou forsake me in my grief?
Save me, O Lord, and make me strong,
Give to my tortured soul relief.

In death there is no thought of Thee;
Who can give thanks within the grave?
From doubt and darkness set me free;
Let them no more my soul enslave.

I weary with my mournful cries;
With tears I make my bed to swim;
Consumed with grief become mine eyes,
They, with my constant grief, grow dim.

All ye that work iniquity,
Stand back! and from me now depart;
The Lord doth hear, His eye doth see,
The anguish of my breaking heart.

My supplication He hath heard;
He will receive my earnest plea;
His pity for me has been stirred,
And He will haste to rescue me.

Let all my foes be now ashamed;
Let them return unto their place;
Nor let their presence e'er be named,
Nor let them see again my face.

PSALM 7

O Lord, my God, in Thee
Put I my trust alone;
Save me from them that persecute;
Deliver now Thine own.

Lest foes my soul should tear,
And it to pieces rend;
While to deliver there is none,
Thou wilt deliv'rance send.

Jehovah, Lord, if I
Have done this evil thing;
If in my hand iniquity,
I should before Thee bring.

If evil I have wrought
To him who was my friend—
('Yea, unto him who was my foe,
I did deliv'rance send.')

Then let the enemy
My soul pursue and take,
Till life and honor shall for me
No more on earth awake.

Arise! O Lord, arise!
Avenge me of my foes;
Awake for me, and judgment give,
According to their blows.

So shall the people press
And compass me about;
Lord, for their sake return on high,
Till rings their joyful shout.

The Lord shall surely judge
By righteousness alone;
Judge me, O Lord, according to
A righteousness Thine own.

O let the evil of
The wicked have an end;
Establish Thou the just, for Thou
To such shalt justice send.

In God is my defence;
 He doth the upright save;
 But wicked men shall surely come
 To an untimely grave.

If evil men turn not,
 The Lord will whet His sword;
 Their lives He will require of them,
 According to His word.

The wicked man conceives
 But evil in his mind;
 He makes a pit, and digs it deep,
 And there his grave doth find.

His mischief shall return
 Upon his own vile head;
 The evil deeds that he hath done,
 Shall crush him down like lead.

But I will praise the Lord;
 His righteousness I'll sing;
 Yea, I will ever praise the name
 Of our exalted King.

PSALM 8

O Lord, how excellent appears
 Thy holy name in all the earth!
 Thy glory calms our rising fears;
 It doth the universe engirth.
 Out of the mouth of babes hast Thou
 Ordained that strength divine should flow,
 So that Thine enemies should bow
 Before Thee in subjection low.

When I the starry heavens view,
And note the moon's celestial light—
These wonders that seem ever new,
But have for ages shown Thy might—
Then comes the thought: Lord, what is man
That Thou art mindful of him still,
Whose earthly life though but a span,
Thou didst with highest powers fill?

All things on earth, and in the sea,
Are made subjective to his mind;
Yea, ev'ry thing to him is free,
In each he doth a servant find.
O Lord, how excellent appears
Thy holy name in all the earth!
Thy power quells our rising fears,
And gives to dying hopes new birth.

PSALM 9

I will ever praise Thee, Lord,
With an undivided heart;
All the marvels I have heard,
I to others will impart,
And, rejoicing, I will sing
Praises to Thy holy name,
O Thou great and glorious King!
Through eternity the same.

When my foes are turn'd back,
They shall fall before Thy sight;
No assistance shall I lack
When my cause maintained is right.

Thou the heathen, righteous Lord,
Hast rebuked from age to age,
And the wicked, with Thy sword,
Stricken from the sacred page.

O thou enemy most dread!
Thy destroying war shall cease;
Blood of cities thou hast shed,
And made evil to increase;
But the Lord, the mighty God,
Will His judgment seat prepare,
And with His uplifted rod,
None of all the wicked spare.

Lord, Thou shalt a refuge be
For the lowly and oppressed;
Where the troubled soul may flee,
Where the troubled soul may rest.
They that know Thy name shall trust,
Trust in Thee for evermore;
Thou wilt not forsake the just,
But his favor wilt restore.

Sing your praises to the Lord,
Who doth still in Zion dwell;
Read aloud His wondrous word,
Of His doings haste to tell.
When the humble call on Him,
He will hear their faintest cry;
When the eye of faith grows dim,
Doubt Him not, for He is nigh.

Look upon my trouble, Lord,
Let Thy mercy rest on me,

Help to me Thou wilt afford,
 When in prayer I look to Thee.
 Then may I show forth Thy praise,
 In the gates lift up my voice;
 There to sing Thy praise always,
 And in Thy rich grace rejoice.

Lo! the heathen are sunk down
 In the pit their hands have made;
 On their works the Lord will frown,
 And undo the plots they've laid.
 Into hell the Lord will turn
 Ev'ry unrepentant soul,
 With remorse their minds shall burn,
 While eternal ages roll.

Let the needy feel no fear,
 They shall not forgotten be;
 Expectations shall appear,
 Lasting as eternity.
 Mighty God! arise! arise!
 Let not sinful man prevail;
 Make them fear before Thine eyes,
 And their puny strength bewail.

PSALM 10

Why standest Thou so far away
 From me, O Lord, my only stay?
 When troubles do my soul surprise,
 Why hide Thee from my longing eyes?

The wicked, in his haughty pride,
 Doth vex the poor and him deride;
 Let such be taken in the net
 Which they have for the righteous set.

How proudly do the wicked boast!
How fond of all God hateth most!
The boastful sinner is not taught,
And God is not in all his thought.

His ways are hard; he thirsts for gain;
God's warnings are to him in vain;
And in his heart he proudly says:
I'll prosper thus through all my days.

His mouth is full of all deceit;
His tongue but mischief doth repeat;
In secret places he doth hide,
The poor to plunder and deride.

E'en as a lion for his prey
Doth slyly watch from day to day,
So watches he, without alarm,
To catch the poor and do him harm.

Within his heart he vainly says:
God hath forgotten me always;
No judgment quick o'ertaketh me,
My sin He surely will not see.

Arise! O Lord; lift up Thy hand!
Let not the boastful sinner stand;
The wronged and humble cry to Thee;
Arise! O Lord, their helper be!

Why do the wicked dare despise
The righteous God? He will arise,
The rights of the oppressed demand,
With swiftest vengeance in His hand.

For Thou hast seen it, mighty Lord,
The vengeful look, the spiteful word;
And they who trust their cause to Thee,
Find that Thou wilt their helper be.

The strong arm of the wicked break;
From out the world all evil take.
The Lord is King for evermore,
Him only, would our hearts adore.

Lord, Thou hast heard the fond desires,
To which the humble soul aspires;
Prepare the heart, and bend Thine ear,
The contrite prayer of faith to hear.

The fatherless, O Lord, defend!
To the oppressed deliv'rance send!
Let wicked men no more distress
The lowly ones, nor them oppress.

PSALM 11

In God, the Lord, I put my trust;
How to my soul say ye,
Like as a frightened bird for rest
Unto your mountain flee?

For lo! the wicked bend their bow,
And draw their arrowed string,
That they the upright man may pierce,
And his destruction bring.

If the foundations be destroyed,
What can the righteous do?
My sure foundation is the Lord,
My hope, His promise true.

In the great temple dwells the Lord,
On His white throne on high;
His eyes behold the sons of men,
Their deeds His law doth try.

With loving skill the Lord doth try
The righteous man alway;
But soon the wicked and profane
His righteousness must slay.

And this must be their bitter cup,
The portion they must drain,
The anger of the Lord to fall
In storms of fiery rain.

The Lord is righteous, and He loves
The man of upright heart;
On him He will with favor look,
And grace and strength impart.

PSALM 12

O Lord, Thy help extend!
The godly man doth cease;
The faithful fall on ev'ry side,
The righteous ones decrease.

The wicked boldly speak,
Each with his neighbor near;
With flatt'ring lips and double heart,
Dissemble without fear.

The Lord will cause to cease
The proud, deceitful tongue;
And dumb before His judgment seat
Shall stand the old and young.

Those who, with haughty mien,
Have said, our tongues prevail,
And do, with proud and boastful speech,
The Sovereign Lord assail.

The Lord is over all;
He hears the groans and sighs
Of His oppressed and needy ones,
And for them will arise.

Yea, He will keep all such
In safety ev'ry day,
Nor let the taunting voice of foes
Their fond assurance slay.

Jehovah's words are pure,
Like silver purified;
Yea, pure as silver seven times
In heated furnace tried.

The righteous Thou wilt keep,
O Lord, for evermore;
'Midst wicked men they'll sing Thy praise,
And Thy rich grace adore.

The wicked boldly walk
In ev'ry place at will,
When vilest men in power do
The highest places fill.

PSALM 13

Lord, how long wilt Thou forget me?
Shall it be for evermore?
How long hide Thy face, and let me
Thy rich grace in vain implore?

How long shall I, vainly halting,
In my soul have doubt and fear?
How long shall my foe, exalting,
To my lasting hurt appear?

Hear me, Lord, mine eyes enlighten,
Lest I sleep the sleep of death;
Lest mine enemy may frighten
From my soul the living breath.
In Thy mercy I have trusted,
Of Thy mercy I will sing—
All my wrongs have been adjusted;
Full salvation Thou didst bring.

PSALM 14

The fool hath said within his heart;
For me there is no God;
I love Him not, nor do I fear
The vengeance of His rod.

Corrupt are they who thus do speak;
They stand where sceptics stood;
Abominable are their works;
There's none that doeth good.

Upon the sons of men the Lord
Looked down from Heaven above,
To see if any sought His face,
Or understood His love.

They all have wandered far aside,
And ev'ry evil done;
To serve the Lord in righteousness,
Alas! there is not one.

Have they who run in ways of sin
 No knowledge of my word?
Who eat the substance of the good,
 And call not on the Lord?

How fearful shall they be when God
 Unvails His searching face,
And gives the vict'ry to the just,
 His own peculiar race.

Ah! ye who have in pride despised
 The counsel of the poor,
Take warning, for the righteous Lord
 Will be their refuge sure.

O that the hosts of Israel,
 The Lord's salvation had!
Then Jacob's children would rejoice,
 And Israel be glad.

PSALM 15

Lord, who shall in Thy house abide?
And who shall dwell close by Thy side
 Upon Thy holy hill?
He that uprightly here doth walk;
Who speaks the truth; and by his talk
 Doth righteousness instill.

He that backbites not with his tongue,
Nor evil does his friends among,
 Nor on their rights encroach;
He who condemns a person vile,
But such as live devoid of guile
 He gladly doth approach.

He that unto his hurt doth swear;
Who changes not, nor is unfair,
That riches may increase—
The man who thus uprightly lives
Shall not be moved; the Lord him gives
Security and peace.

PSALM 16

Keep me, Lord, my soul preserve;
'Tis in Thee I put my trust;
I have said unto the Lord:
Thou alone art true and just;
Not to Thee can I extend
Any goodness found in me;
Only to the saints can I
A reward and comfort be.

Sorrows shall be multiplied
To all those that go astray;
Their offerings I will refuse,
Saith the Lord in that dread day.
Christ, the Lord, my portion is;
He is mine inheritance,
And the portion of my cup;
All my hopes in Him advance.

Unto me the lines descend
Into pleasant places here;
Yea, I have a heritage
That is goodly, full of cheer.
I will ever bless the Lord,
Who hath given me His light;
'Tis His grace instructeth me
In the seasons of the night.

I have set the Lord always
Thus before me as my guide;
And because I trust His grace,
I shall in His strength abide.
Truly, now my soul is glad,
And my glory doth rejoice;
E'en my flesh shall rest in hope,
Till awakened by His voice.

For Thou wilt not leave my soul
Food for quenchless flames to be,
Nor unto corruption give
Flesh that now doth cover me.
Thou wilt show to me the path
That will bring me fullest joy;
And above, at Thy right hand,
Pleasures give without alloy.

PSALM 17

Give ear unto my prayer, O Lord;
Hear Thou the right and heed my cry;
My sentence, let it come from Thee;
Let right be precious in Thine eye.

Lo! Thou hast proved mine inmost heart;
Thou hast me sought in times of night,
Thou hast me tried, and blameless found,
My speech in all things shall be right.

From works of men I've turned my feet;
My goings in Thy pathways hold,
So that my footsteps may not slip,
Nor go astray for gain or gold.

My longing heart on Thee hath called,
For Thou, O Lord, my prayer wilt hear;
Unto my speech, though so unformed,
Incline most graciously Thine ear.

Show me Thy lovingkindness now,
O Thou who savest by Thy right hand,
All them that put their trust in Thee,
From those who do against them stand.

E'en as the apple of Thine eye,
Keep me when lurk unhallowed things;
Hide me, when dangers press me sore,
Beneath the shadew of Thy wings.

From wicked men who me oppress,
Preserve me, Lord, I humbly pray;
They compass me in their desire
To search me out, and take, and slay.

Arise! O Lord, and cast them down;
From wicked men set free my soul:
Bring Thou to judgment those who do
In ill-gained riches proudly roll.

But as for me, I will behold
Thy face, and of Thine image take;
Then, then shall I be satisfied,
When in Thy likeness I awake.

PSALM 18

I'll love Thee, Jehovah, my King;
The Lord is my Fortress and Rock;
He hastens deliv'rance to bring;
In Him will I trust when foes mock:

My Buckler, Salvation, High Tower,
Is God when I call on His name;
I'll laud Him and praise Him each hour,
His mercy and help I'll proclaim.

The sorrows of death compassed me,
And evil men made me afraid:
Hell compassed me round like the sea;
The terrors of death on me stayed;
Then I, in my deepest distress,
To God, unto God did I cry:
He heard me, as out of the stress
My tremulous voice rose on high.

The earth, it then trembled and shook,
The hills from their places were moved,
His nostrils emitted a smoke,
His presence by fire was proved.
The heavens, they bowed and came down,
And darkness was under His feet;
On wings did He fly to His own,
As wings of the wind were they fleet.

The darkness His secret place knew,
His tent was the clouds of the sky;
The light came before Him, clouds flew,
Hail fell, and the lightning was nigh,
The thunder the heavens did shake,
The rain-clouds their torrents gave out,
The earth, it became as a lake,
No places of safety about.

He sent from above and me drew
From waters of danger around;
My foe in confusion He threw,
Who for me too strong had been found.

Jehovah alone was my stay,
He brought me forth to a large place,
Because I had kept in His way,
And turned not aside from His face.

His judgments before me were placed,
His statutes I had not removed;
Still upright was I, nor disgraced
The laws that His wisdom approved.
The Lord hath me recompensed well,
According to what I have done;
His kindnesses, how can I tell?
My heart and my service they've won.

With merciful men Thou wilt show
Thyself to be merciful too;
On righteous men Thou wilt bestow
A blessing that's precious and true;
With pure men Thou'lt show Thyself pure,
The proud, Thou wilt bring to the dust;
The hope of Thy people is sure,
For Thou, Lord Jehovah, art just.

My lamp Thou wilt cause to give light;
The darkness from Thee flies away;
With Thee I've escaped in the night
From those that pursued me to slay.
Yea, perfect and tried is the word
Of God unto them that are His,
For who, who is God, save the Lord?
The Rock of Salvation He is.

'Tis God that me girdeth with strength,
And perfectly guideth my way;
He bringeth my foot-steps at length
To places abundant to stay.

My hands, too, He teacheth in skill
The arrow and bow to direct:
The shield of salvation Thy will
Ordains that it shall me protect.

Thy right hand hath holden me up;
Thy watchfulness giveth me light;
My way is enlarged, and my cup
Of blessings o'erflows in Thy sight.
My foes I've pursued not in vain,
Nor turned I till they were consumed;
I've wounded them sore, that again
Their courage could not be resumed.

For Thou hast me girded with strength,
The battle to enter with might,
That I might thus conquer at length
The foes that against me would fight;
Thou hast also given to me
The lives of the foes that I sought;
They cried, as they bended the knee,
For mercy, but God heard them not.

Then did I, as dust in the wind,
Them cast as but dirt in the road;
From strife and confusion, I find,
Thou hast from me lifted this load;
Of foes Thou hast made me the head;
A people unknown shall me serve;
As soon as they hear me they're led
To obey, nor from me will swerve.

The strangers shall soon fade away,
They in their close places shall fear:
The Lord is our Rock and our Stay—
The Lord, all exalted and near.

'Tis God that avenges me still;
The people for me He subdues;
He lifteth me high on the hill,
The valley with heathen bestrews.

O Lord, I give thanks unto Thee,
In sight of the heathen I praise
The name of the Lord, for to me
Jehovah Thou shalt be always.
Deliv'rance Jehovah hath wrought
For David; and mercy hath shown
His people, in that He hath brought
His chosen one unto the throne.

PSALM 19

The firmament God's skill declares,
And every star His glory shares;
Day unto day they utter speech,
Night unto night His knowledge teach.

There is no language where their voice
Doth not the heart of man rejoice;
Their words are gone through all the earth,
And do its farthest bounds engirth.

The sun, resplendent in his might,
Breaks from the darkness of the night;
With beams of gladness on his face,
He doth the cloudless heavens trace.

His heat descends to warm the earth
And quicken nature into birth;
His waves of light and comfort pour
Their blessing free on ev'ry shore.

God's perfect law corrects the soul
And makes the wounded sinner whole;
The statutes of the Lord are right
And give the trusting heart delight.

The Lord's commandments all are pure;
A light to blinded eyes most sure;
A guide to lead the halting feet;
A solace to the heart most sweet.

Sure is our trust in Christ, the Lord,
Enduring as His deathless word;
The judgments of the Lord are true,
And righteous, all our journey through.

They are to be desired more
Than finest gold in richest store;
They sweeter are, where'er we roam,
Than honey in the honeycomb.

By them, Thy servant, warned to fly
From dangers which around him lie,
Walks more and more in their accord,
And wins at last a great reward.

What man is there on sea or land
Who doth his errors understand?
From secret faults, O cleanse my life,
And free my soul from inward strife.

Within Thy servant ever reign;
All his presumptuous sins restrain;
Then upright, true, my life shall be,
And from the great transgression free.

The words I speak from day to day,
The thoughts which prompt me when I pray,
Be they accepted in Thy sight,
O Lord, my King, my Strength, my Light.

PSALM 20

May the Lord Jehovah hear thee
 In the hour of deep distress;
May His name defend and cheer thee,
 When sharp trials round thee press;
Send thee help, thy faith to strengthen,
 From Mount Zion's holy hill,
Till thy list of off'rings lengthen,
 Till thy choicest thou dost kill.

Grant to thee, with love, according
 To thine own believing heart,
And fulfill each wish, affording
 Plants of peace and joy to start.
We'll rejoice in thy salvation,
 Lift our banners in thy cause,
And the Lord of our creation,
 Shall fulfill thy righteous laws.

Now I know the Lord redeemeth
 His anointed by His grace,
And doth hear him, when He seemeth
 'Mid the clouds to hide His face.
He will hear him, and from Heaven,
 With the strength of His right hand,
Save the one who long hath striven
 With dark sin's unyielding band.

Some in chariots trust when seeking
Safety from the coming foe;
We will trust—His praises speaking—
In the Lord where'er we go;
They who trust in human power
Are brought down and quickly fall;
Save us, Lord, in the dark hour,
Hear us when on Thee we call.

PSALM 21

The king shall rejoice in Thy power, O Lord;
He in Thy salvation shall greatly rejoice;
His heart's deep desire Thou didst him afford,
And granted the prayer of his faltering voice.

With blessings of goodness Thou dost him attend;
Thou settest a crown of pure gold on his head:
He asked of Thee life; it to him Thou didst send;
In ways everlasting his feet have been led.

Because of Thy mercy, his glory is great;
Yea, honor and glory Thou hast on him laid,
For Thy richest blessings upon him await,
And surpassingly glad Thine aid hath him made.

The king puts his trust in Jehovah alone,
And through God's kind mercy, he shall not be moved;
Thy hand shall find out all Thy foes, ev'ry one
That in the fierce battle has treacherous proved.

Thine anger shall make them a furnace of heat;
The Lord will consume them in volumes of flame;
Their sons Thou'lt destroy from the earth; and defeat
Their hopes of a long and illustrious name.

For they did but evil against Thee intend:

They thought on a mischief they could not perform;
In terror, full backward, these foes Thou wilt send,
When arrows, resistless, upon them shall storm.

O be Thou exalted, Jehovah, on high;

Thy strength is attested each day and each hour;
Thine arm, ever ready to help us is nigh;
We'll sing with acclaim of Thy wonderful power.

PSALM 22

My God! my God! why hast Thou gone,

And thus forsaken me?

Why seal Thine ear against my cry,

When I appeal to Thee?

When day appears, my waiting soul

Cries out in her distress,

And when the darkness shuts me in,

I still Thy throne address.

But Thou art holy, mighty God,

For evermore the same;

Thou didst our fathers safely lead

When trusting in Thy name.

They cried to Thee for help, and soon

Delivered were from ill;

Their hopes were not confounded, and

They trusted in Thee still.

But I am but a worm to creep

Among the dust of earth;

Yea, a reproach of men am I,

Despised, the people's mirth.

All they that see me shake the head,
And laugh at me in scorn—
Ah! cruel mockeries, that pierce
Deep as the sharpest thorn.

He trusted in the Lord, they say,
And sought His arm of might;
Let God deliver him, since he
Doth in the Lord delight.

But Thou art He that found me e'er
I saw the light of day;
Thine eyes beheld me when within
My mother's arms I lay.

Since earliest childhood, Thou, O Lord,
Hast been my God and guide;
And now, when troubles gather thick,
Turn not from me aside.

Oppressors strong encompassed me,
They did beset me round;
They gaped upon me with their mouth,
They sought my soul to wound.

My blood, like water, is poured out;
My bones are out of joint;
My heart like wax is melted till
It doth my frame anoint.

My strength is like a potsherd dry;
My palsied tongue doth cleave
Unto my mouth; in death's embrace,
There am I left to grieve.

For dogs have compassed me about,
The wicked close me in;
In deepest anguish am I bruised,
Bruised for my people's sin.

With cruel nails they pierced my hands,
They pierced my feet as well;
My heart and flesh alike are torn;
I all my bones can tell.

With taunting voice they pass me by;
They on my anguish stare;
Upon my vesture they cast lots,
And do my garments share.

O be not Thou so far from me!
My Lord, my Strength, my all;
Deliver me from fell despair,
When I upon Thee call.

Thy name in public I'll declare;
Thee will I ever praise:
O ye that fear the Lord in truth,
Your hallelujahs raise.

For He hath not His own despised,
Nor turned from him aside;
When the afflicted called, He heard,
Nor did His presence hide.

My praise shall be of Thee when I
Within Thy house appear;
With thankfulness I'll pay my vows
When throngs to view are near.

The meek with satisfaction eat
The food the Lord provides;
And he that serves the Lord in truth
In peace and joy abides.

The ends of all the world shall turn
Unto the Lord our God;
The nations of the earth shall bow
Before His sov'reign rod.

For lo! the kingdoms are His own,
To govern and to keep;
The nations turn to dust again
And in oblivion sleep.

A seed shall serve Him, and shall spring
With healing on its leaves;
Who takes thereof in faith and love,
Eternal life receives.

From age to age they still shall rise
Who will His truth make known,
Till countless nations yet unborn,
His sov'reignty shall own.

PSALM 23

The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
He maketh me lie in green pastures below;
He leadeth my feet the still waters beside;
He restoreth my soul, with me doth abide.

He marketh my steps in the way I should take,
In safe paths of righteousness for His name's sake;
And e'en when I journey through death's darkened vale,
I'll there fear no evil, my faith shall not fail.

For Thou wilt be with me, to guide and protect;
Thy rod and Thy staff shall then comfort me yet;
For me Thou preparest a table well spread
In presence of foes; Thou anointest my head.

My cup runneth over; my blessings enlarge;
Thy goodness and mercy still have me in charge;
All the days of my life for me 'twill be well,
And in the Lord's house I forever shall dwell.

PSALM 24

The teeming earth belongs
Unto the Lord Most High;
Its vast and living throngs
Are open to His eye;
His law is felt upon the seas,
The waves respond to His decrees.

Who, who shall here ascend
Unto God's holy hill?
Or, worshipping, attend
Upon His sacred will?
He that hath hands unstained by sin,
And hath a heart all pure within.

Who hath not lifted high
His soul to vanity;
Nor sworn unto a lie,
That he enriched might be;
He shall a blessing here receive
From God, in whom he doth believe.

This is of them that seek
 His face, O Israel;
 The lowly and the meek
 Shall find He judgeth well:
 He is the King for evermore,
 Jehovah, whom the hosts adore.

Lift up your heads, ye gates!
 Ye doors, be lifted high!
 The King of glory waits,
 Admit Him while He's nigh:
 Who is this King of glory, then?
 'Tis Christ, who died for sinful men.

Ye gates, lift up your heads!
 Ye long shut doors, unclose!
 The King of glory sheds
 His blood for sinful foes:
 Who is this great and wondrous King?
 'Tis Christ, who doth salvation bring.

PSALM 25

O Lord, to Thee I lift my soul;
 My God, in Thee I trust;
 Let not my foes in triumph rise,
 And lay me in the dust.

Let none that wait on Thee, O Lord,
 Ashamed be, or harmed;
 Let such as disobey Thy laws
 Ashamed be, and alarmed.

Show me Thy ways, O Lord Supreme;
 Teach me Thy paths aright,
 So shall I know Thy sacred truth,
 And in Thy laws delight.

Thy tender mercies, O how kind
They ever were of old!
Thy loving kindnesses have been
Throughout the past, untold.

My sins of youth, and later years,
From out Thy mem'ry take;
Show mercy, Lord, and pardon me,
E'en for Thine own name's sake.

The Lord is good, and He will teach
All doubting souls the way;
The meek in judgment He will guide
In safety day by day.

God's ways are ways of truth to such
As walk within His light;
He truth and mercy gives to all
That keep His laws aright.

My past iniquity, though great,
In mercy, Lord, forgive;
And in Thy loving-kindness teach
A sinner how to live.

What man is he that fears the Lord?
Him will He teach the way
That he shall choose; and lead therein,
Nor suffer him to stray.

His peaceful soul shall dwell at ease;
His seed, the earth possess;
The secret of the Lord attends
The ways of righteousness.

Mine eyes would look unto the Lord,
My help in troubles past;
He will release my feet from out
The net that holds them fast.

Turn unto me, Jehovah God:
Have mercy on me still;
Alone, afflicted, lo, I wait
To know Thy holy will.

The troubles of my heart are great;
My sin-tossed soul, bid live;
On my afflictions and my pain,
Look, Lord; and, Lord, forgive.

How many foes there are that rise
In hate to trouble me!
Deliver me, and keep my soul;
I put my trust in Thee.

On Thee I wait; let uprightness
Preserve me evermore;
And Israel redeem, O Lord,
From all his troubles sore.

PSALM 26

Judge me O Lord, I pray!
I in the truth abide;
I've trusted also in the Lord,
Therefore I shall not slide.

Examine me, O Lord,
Prove Thou mine inmost heart;
Thy lovingkindness I behold;
Thy truth Thou didst impart.

I've tarried not with those
Who would my Lord betray;
My soul abhors to seek the place
Where evil-doers stay.

From guilt I would be free;
Thine altar, Lord, I seek,
That I may there, with thanksgiving,
Of all Thy marvels speak.

I've loved Thy house, O Lord,
The place where Thou dost dwell;
O let me not be found with those
Who would Thine honor sell.

They, who of evil deeds
Their willing hand inscribes;
Whose right hand, free to do their will,
Is running o'er with bribes.

But as for me, I'll walk
In mine integrity;
Redeem me, Lord, be merciful;
Be merciful to me.

My foot securely stands
Within an even place;
Amidst the people I will sing
Of Thy redeeming grace.

PSALM 27

The Lord is my salvation strong;
My light; whom shall I fear?
To him my strength and life belong;
Whom dread when He is near?

When wicked men, mine enemies,
My secret foes, as well,
Came on me to destroy me, these
Soon stumbled there and fell.

Yea, though an host should there encamp
Against me, I will trust
In God, who will their armies tramp,
And mingle with the dust.

One thing have I besought the Lord,
And prayerfully will seek,
It is that I may know His word,
And of its beauties speak.

In times of trouble He shall me
In His pavilion hide;
I'll in His tabernacle be,
And on His rock abide.

Then shall my head be lifted up
Above each bitter foe;
On sacred joys my soul shall sup,
My heart with praise o'erflow.

Hear me, O Lord, when'er I cry;
Heed Thou my pleading voice;
Have mercy, Lord, and give reply,
And make my heart rejoice.

Thou saidst to me: seek ye my face;
My heart responsive spoke:
Thee will I seek; O, by Thy grace
More zeal in me provoke.

Hide not Thy face far from me, Lord;
Thrust not Thy child away;
As in days past, Thy help afford;
Be thou my hope and stay.

E'en when my parents me forsake,
The Lord will me defend:
Teach me Thy way; a plain path make,
Lest foes me seize and rend.

Give me not over to my foes;
The false against me stand;
I fainted had beneath their blows,
But for Thy helping hand.

Wait, wait my soul, upon thy God!
Be thou of courage strong;
To thee He shall give strength; His rod
Shall bring to thee a song.

PSALM 28

Lord, unto Thee I'll cry:
My Fortress, safe and strong;
Close not Thine ear to me
While dangers round me throng:
If Thou be silent to my call,
I shall into destruction fall.

My supplications heed,
When I approach Thy throne;
When I lift up my hands,
My weak petitions own:
O let me not be found with those
Who fawn, but inwardly are foes.

According to their deeds—
Which have been to our hurt—
So recompense them, Lord,
And give them their desert:
They were not found in God's employ,
And them He surely will destroy.

Thrice blessed be the Lord!
For He hath heard my voice;
He is my Strength and Shield,
And in Him I rejoice:
Above my foes He doth me raise,
And with my songs I will Him praise.

Jehovah is the strength
Of His anointed here;
Thy people bless and save,
Who worship Thee in fear;
Feed them, O Lord; by grace restore,
And lift them up for evermore.

PSALM 29

Give to the Lord, ye mighty ones,
The glory due His name;
The beauty of His holiness,
In worship now proclaim.

His voice is heard upon the deep;
His thunders linger there;
On many waters He is found,
They do His glory share.

His works are seen on ev'ry side;
Majestic is His voice;
At His command the cedars break;
Again they all rejoice.

The flames of fire His voice divides;
The wilderness it shakes;
The forests He hath made; each tree
To His high praise awakes.

Upon the floods the Lord doth sit;
He ruleth there as king;
All nature doth give praise to Him,
And tribute to Him bring.

The Lord will to His people give
A strength that will increase;
And He will bless His people with
A never-failing peace.

PSALM 30

Thee I'll extol, O Lord, my God,
When blessings meet me, or the rod;
Thou hast me lifted up; Thy voice
Forbids my foes o'er me rejoice.

My mourning heart to Thee appealed;
Thou hast its wounds of sorrow healed;
From lowest depths Thou hast me brought,
When I Thy love and mercy sought.

Thou, gracious God, who gave me breath,
Hast kept my mortal frame from death;
O bless the Lord, and sing His praise!
Ye saints, His hallelujahs raise!

When ye remember all His love,
Give thanks, as do the saints above;
His anger but a moment burns,
His wrath to pity quickly turns.

Grief for a night our peace destroys,
But in the morning cometh joys,
Such as the world can ne'er bestow—
Grant, Lord, that we these joys may know.

I said in my prosperity,
I never more removed shall be:
How prone to boast! how vain is man!
How eager he to scheme and plan!

'Twas by Thy favor and command
My mountain strong was made to stand;
But, Lord, when Thou didst hide Thy face,
My confidence to fear gave place.

I cried to Thee: In mercy save!
What profit is there in the grave?
Can mortal man the truth declare
When he the tomb with worms doth share?

Hear Thou my prayer, Jehovah, hear!
Have mercy, Lord! O Lord, draw near!
Be Thou mine aid when troubles press;
Be Thou my refuge in distress.

My mourning Thou hast turned to joy;
Thy mercies all my thoughts employ;
Thou hast my sackcloth cast away,
And clothed me in the light of day.

To sing Thy praise, O Sovereign Lord,
Shall all my days true joy afford:
O Lord, my God, Thee I adore!
And thanks shall give for evermore.

PSALM 31

Lord, in Thee I put my trust,
Let me never be ashamed;
Though a feeble child of dust,
Thou hast me from death reclaimed.
Now from evil set me free,
Cleanse my life from ev'ry ill;
May Thy grace descend on me,
Till it all my being fill.

Bow to me Thy gracious ear;
Put not far Thy servant hence;
Be my house of refuge near,
Be my rock of sure defence.
Thou, my Fortress and my Rock,
Evermore unchanged shall stand;
Thou, who lead'st Thy ransomed flock,
Lead me ever by Thy hand.

From the net that foes have laid,
Hasten, Lord, to set me free;
Safe in Thee my soul is stayed,
Thou my strength shall ever be.
Lord, within Thy loving hand
I will now my spirit place;
Strengthen me and help me stand,
O Thou God of truth and grace.

I have shunned all them that sin,
But my trust is in the Lord;
May my heart rejoice within
That He doth me grace accord.
On my trouble Thou hast thought,
All my hidden grief hast known;
Thou hast me deliv'rance wrought,
And a place of freedom shown.

Look in mercy; bring relief;
For my soul is in distress;
Lord, I am consumed with grief;
Trials sore upon me press;
Yea, my life with grief is spent,
And with sighing pass the years;
All my mortal frame is rent
With the anguish of my fears.

A reproach and scorn was I,
And a fear around me spread;
They who saw me came not nigh;
They who met me quickly fled.
I, a broken vessel, lie
All forgotten and unused;
Foes would fain have made me die;
They me slandered and abused.

Still, I trusted Thee, and stand
More assured that Thou art mine;
All my times are in Thy hand;
Make Thy face on me to shine;
Save me for Thy mercies' sake,
Let me never come to shame;
On the wicked vengeance take,
They who have blasphemed Thy name.

Let deceitful lips be still,
Lips that speak to harm the good;
They the righteous fain would kill,
Thou their words hast understood.
But how great Thy goodness, Lord,
Is to them that fear Thy name;
Thou dost unto them afford
Grace Thy mercy to proclaim.

Thou wilt them in safety hide
In the secret of Thy love;
There secure they shall abide,
Watched and guarded from above;
Shelt'ring wings shall hover o'er,
Shielding them from strife and wrong;
Praise the Lord for evermore!
Praise and love to Him belong.

Once I said, in trembling haste,
I'm cut off before Thine eyes;
But I did Thy mercy taste,
Thou didst hear my earnest cries.
Love the Lord, ye saints, nor fear;
He His faithful ones will keep;
With good courage, now draw near,
He will give assurance deep.

PSALM 32

Blest is the man whose heart is cheered
By God's forgiving smile;
And blessed is the man of truth
In whom is found no guile.

When I kept silence, all my bones
Waxed old through my complaint;
Thy heavy hand was on me laid,
Till I grew sick and faint.

Then did my trembling lips confess
My sins of heart and life,
And lo! a blissful peace arose,
Where reigned of late but strife.

To Thee shall ev'ry child of Thine
In times of trouble cry,
For in such times of grief and fear
Thy helping hand is nigh.

Thou art my hiding place, O God,
Thou wilt preserve me still,
And my abode Thy presence shall
With songs of rapture fill.

I will instruct thee in the way,
I will with thee abide,
Thus saith the Lord, and with mine eye
I will thee ever guide.

Not as the horse may you be found,
Which knows not good nor ill;
Whose mouth by bit and bridle held,
Is led against his will.

Many the sorrows that shall fall
On wicked men that doubt,
But he that trusteth in the Lord,
Mercy shall gird about.

Rejoice! ye righteous, and be glad,
Nor from the Lord depart;
Yea, shout aloud for joy, all ye
That upright are in heart.

PSALM 33

Rejoice ye in the Lord!
Ye righteous ones rejoice;
Praise God upon the harp,
And with exultant voice:
Sing unto Him a song this day,
And on the mighty organ play.

The word of God is right;
In truth His works are done;
He loveth righteousness;
He equity hath won;
The goodness of the Lord doth fill
The earth in valley and on hill.

'Twas by His word was made
The firmament above;
And all created things
His mighty power doth prove;
He rolls the waves up in a heap,
And their foundations layeth deep.

Let all the earth fall down
In awe before the Lord;
He spake and it was done
According to His word:
When He commanded, it stood fast;
For aye His words and works shall last.

The Lord doth surely bring
All heathen schemes to naught;
The plans the people make,
Shall to defeat be brought;
The counsel of the Lord doth stand;
His thoughts go out to all the land.

Blest is the nation that
Hath God to be its Lord,
For He will to His own
A promise rich afford;
He them regardeth from on high,
And for their help is always nigh.

He looketh from the place,
Where He above doth dwell,
Upon the sons of men,
To see if they do well:
Their hearts He turneth as He will,
Their works He doth consider still.

'Tis vain to trust in men;
No king is saved thereby;
Nor in great numbers can
A mighty man rely:
A horse for safety proves at length
The limitations of his strength.

On them that fear the Lord,
The eye of God doth rest;
To save their dying souls,
He heedeth their request:
To Him our waiting hearts would yield;
He is our only hope and shield.

For soon we shall rejoice;
Our hearts shall joy in Him;
Because we trust in God,
Our hope shall not grow dim:
Lord, let Thy mercy on us be,
According as we hope in Thee.

PSALM 34

My soul shall bless the Lord;
His praises I shall sing;
Come, let us join with one accord,
To praise and laud our King.

The Lord I humbly sought,
And He vouchsafed to hear;
He to my soul redemption brought,
And banished all my fear.

The blinded eyes of sin
Looked unto Him, when lo!
A light arose their hearts within,
His saving grace to show.

When'er the needy cried,
The Lord inclined His ear;
He all their tears of anguish dried,
He unto them drew near.

The angel of the Lord
Encampeth all around
His people, who with one accord,
To fear His name are found.

O taste and see how good
Our God is, and how just!
Tell ye, who have Him understood,
How blest it is to trust.

Ye saints, for ever fear
The Lord; His love impart;
His rich supplies of grace appear,
To satisfy each heart.

The lions seek in vain
Their hunger to allay;
But they that seek the Lord shall gain
Rich blessings on the way.

Ye children, now draw near,
And hearken to my voice;
Ye will I teach the Lord to fear,
And in His name rejoice.

What man desires life,
And loveth many days,
That he amid earth's busy strife
Some good may do always?

Thy tongue from evil keep,
Thy lips, from speaking guile;
In deep contrition mayst thou weep,
If sin should them defile.

From evil far depart;
Do good; be just and true;
Seek peace, and let it rule thy heart,
Let it thy way pursue.

The Lord's unsleeping eyes
Are ever on the just;
His ears are open to the cries
Of all that on Him trust.

Against the evil turns
The Lord's avenging face;
He cuts them off; their mem'ry burns,
Nor leaves of them a trace.

When'er the righteous cry,
The Lord above doth heed;
He to deliver them is nigh,
To help them in their need.

The Lord is nigh to all
That mourn with broken heart;
He hears the contrite sinner's call,
And doth His grace impart.

The trials of the just
Oft cause the eyes to weep;
The Lord delivers all who trust;
He all their frame doth keep.

Sin shall the wicked slay;
And all who live to hate
The righteous, in some evil day
Shall be left desolate.

The Lord redeems all those
That worship Him in fear;
Not one who trusts, disquiet knows,
Nor grieves in darkness drear.

PSALM 35

O Lord Jehovah, plead my cause
With them that with me strive;
Lift up Thy hand against my foes,
And keep my hope alive.

Of shield and buckler now take hold;
Against my foes arise;
A safety be unto my soul,
When they its hurt devise.

Let such as my destruction seek,
Like chaff before the wind,
Be driven by Thy angel forth,
And their destruction find.

Let all their way be dark as night,
And troubles o'er them roll,
For without shame they cast their net
But to ensnare my soul.

Let swift destruction fall on him,
And pitfalls him ensnare,
Who, to destroy, doth spread his net;
Soon may he perish there.

Then shall my soul with songs of praise,
Be joyful in the Lord;
In His salvation I'll rejoice,
While heart and flesh accord.

Yea, all my frame shall testify:
Lord, who is like to Thee,
Who doth the poor with courage stay,
And doth from foes set free.

False witnesses around me rose;
Yea, they before me stood;
They sought the spoiling of my soul,
And evil gave for good.

But as for me, when they were sick,
My clothes in grief I rent;
In prayer and fasting, for their sake,
My days and nights were spent.

Yea, I behaved myself as though
He were a brother born;
I proved myself as one that doth
For his own mother mourn.

But they, in my adversity,
Together did rejoice;
And they, to do me evil, spoke
With their united voice.

O Lord, how long wilt Thou look on?
Me from destruction save;
Oh! rescue now my soul from such
As do against me rave.

Then shall my tongue with thankfulness
In the assembly speak;
And I among the people shall
Thy praise and glory seek.

Let not my foes o'er me rejoice;
Nor let their power rise;
Thy speak not peace, but 'gainst the good
They evil do devise.

Their mouths in scorn they open wide;
'Gainst me they mocking say:
Our eyes have seen it, and they cry,
Deridingly, Aha!

This Thou hast seen, Jehovah Lord,
Keep silence not, I plead;
O Lord, be Thou not far from me,
But help me in my need.

Awake! O righteous God, awake!
Heed Thou my trembling voice;
Plead Thou my cause; be Thou my Judge;
Let not my foes rejoice.

Let them not say within their hearts:
So would we have it be,
Him have we swallowed up. O Lord,
Change Thou their proud decree.

Let them to shame be quickly brought
That did my ruin seek;
Let them be clothed with public shame
That did against me speak.

Let such as favor my right cause,
Now shout aloud for joy;
And let the praises of the Lord
Their thankful lips employ.

And thou, my tongue, shall gladly speak
Of righteousness and praise,
And everywhere God's love proclaim,
And worship Him always.

PSALM 36

The evil deeds of wicked men
Within my troubled heart arise;
Their actions show they have no fear
Of the great God before their eyes.

The wicked flattereth himself,
Until abhored his sins appear;
His words are but iniquity;
To wisdom he doth not draw near.

But on his bed he doth devise
To work but mischief more and more;
He sets himself in ways not good,
Nor doth his heart his sins abhor.

Thy mercy, O most gracious Lord,
Is in the heavens far on high;
Thy faithfulness doth reach the clouds,
Yea, it doth far surmount the sky.

Thy righteousness like mountains is;
Thy judgments are as the great deep;
Thou dost preserve both man and beast,
A knowledge of them Thou dost keep.

How good Thy loving kindness is!
Of it my heart exulting sings;
Thy children put their trust, O Lord,
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings.

The riches of Thy house divine
Shall satisfy each longing soul;
And Thou shalt make them all to drink
From where the pleasant waters roll.

The fount of life is found with Thee,
And in Thy light shall we see light;
Oh! let Thy loving kindness flow
To all who are in heart upright.

Let not the foot of pride advance
Against me, and let not the hand
Of sinful man reach out to thrust
Thy servant from this favored land.

The workers of iniquity!
There are they fallen in their place;
They are cast down, nor shall they be
Lifted again from their disgrace.

PSALM 37

When evil doers prospered are,
Let not thy spirit fret,
Nor works which the unrighteous do,
An envious thought beget.

They, like the grass which grows today
Luxuriantly and high,
Tomorrow is cut down, and left
To wither and to die.

Trust in the Lord, and do His will,
And thus possess the land;
For then with meat thou shalt be fed
From out God's bounteous hand.

Delight ye in the Lord, and He
Rich blessings will impart,
And grant to thee the pure desires
That rise within thy heart.

Commit thy way unto the Lord,
Trust in Him evermore,
And soon thy righteousness, as light,
Shall shine as ne'er before.

Rest in the Lord, and for Him wait
In patience day by day;
Nor fret thy soul because of him
Who prospers in his way.

From anger cease; and wrath forsake;
Let not thyself do wrong:
The wicked die; but righteous men
God's blessings shall make strong.

For yet a little while, and lo!
The wicked shall not be;
Yea, thou shalt seek his wonted place,
But him thou wilt not see.

The righteous meek, with gentle sway,
The earth shall soon possess;
They shall delight themselves in peace;
Nought shall their souls distress.

The wicked plotteth 'gainst the just,
And would him quickly slay;
The Lord shall laugh at him, for lo!
He sees his coming day.

In hatred they have drawn the sword,
They long have bent the bow,
With which they would the needy slay,
And lay the righteous low.

Their swords shall enter their own hearts;
Their bows shall broken lie;
Yea, they who do the righteous kill
Shall in swift judgment die.

A little that a righteous man
Doth of this world possess,
Is better than the ill-gained wealth
Of those who do transgress.

The arms of wicked men shall break;
The Lord upholds the good;
Their riches are enduring, and
Their days are understood.

They shall not hide their face with shame
In any evil time;
In days of famine they shall rise
On wings of faith sublime.

But wicked men shall perish soon,
Like smoke, consume away;
E'en one that borroweth, nor doth
In honesty repay.

The righteous man doth mercy show,
And gifts of love bestow;
And he who thus is blest of him,
Shall in abundance grow.

Each step the godly man doth take,
Is ordered by the Lord;
The Lord delighteth in his way,
And doth him grace afford.

Though he should fall, he shall not be
Entirely cast down;
The Lord upholds him with His hand,
And doth his efforts crown.

I have been young, and now am old;
I've seen the righteous led,
But ne'er forsaken, nor his seed
In hunger begging bread.

He merciful is ever found,
And to the poor doth lend;
And to his seed God's loving hand
In blessing doth extend.

Depart from evil, and do good
And live for evermore;
God loveth judgment, and will yet
His weakest saint restore.

The righteous shall possess the land,
And there in safety dwell;
The mouth of the redeemed doth speak
Of truth and wisdom well.

The law of God, so pure and just,
Doth in their hearts abide;
Their steps are ordered by the Lord,
Not one of them shall slide.

The wicked for the righteous watch,
And seeketh him to slay;
The Lord will snatch him from their hands,
Nor leave him for their prey.

Wait on the Lord and keep His law;
'Gainst evil firmly stand;
God will exalt thee and will give
To thee the promised land.

I've seen the wicked in great power
Spread like a tree around;
Yet, lo! how soon he passed away.
Nor trace of him I found.

Mark thou the perfect, and behold
The man of upright heart;
Peace shall attend him, and in joy
His spirit shall depart.

While the transgressors quickly shall
Together be destroyed;
Death and destruction for their end,
And darkness are employed.

But the salvation of the saints
Is of the Lord, divine;
When troubles rise, He'll be their strength,
And on their pathway shine.

The Lord shall help, and set them free
From ev'ry snare unjust;
Yea, He will rescue them and save,
Because in Him they trust.

PSALM 38

Rebuke me not in wrath,
Nor judgment on me pour;
For, Lord, Thine arrows pierce me through,
Thy hand doth press me sore.

My flesh no soundness knows,
Because Thine anger burns;
Because of sin I groan with pain;
For rest my spirit yearns.

For mine iniquities
Have covered all my head;
They, like a burden, bear me down,
And darkness o'er me spread.

My sin-wounds are corrupt;
I'm troubled and distressed;
Bowed down with grief, I all day long
Go mourning and oppressed.

My nature, filled with sin,
Knows neither health nor joy;
I weak and broken-hearted am,
Grief doth my voice employ.

All my desires, Lord,
I now before Thee lay;
My groaning is not hid from Thee;
Be Thou my help and stay.

My heart within me faints;
Of courage I have none;
As for the light that once was mine,
It from me, too, is gone.

My friends and lovers stand
Aloof, to view my sore;
My kinsmen, too, stand off afar,
Nor pity as before.

They that would seek my life,
Lay snares before my feet;
Their minds deceits against me frame,
And these their tongues repeat.

I, as the deaf, heard not;
My mouth was as the dumb;
Thus instruments of just reproof,
My lips did not become.

For, Lord, in Thee I trust;
I know that Thou wilt hear—
If Thou art for me, O my God,
What mortal need I fear!

I said within my heart,
Hear, Lord, lest otherwise,
They should rejoice to see me fall,
And should my hope despise.

But I, alas! am weak;
My feet uneven walk;
In sorrow I confess my sin,
And of my failings talk.

Mine enemies are strong;
Their number larger grows;
And they that hate me wrongfully,
My halting feet oppose.

They, also, that return
But ill for good I've done,
Mine adversaries are, because
In righteous ways I've run.

Forsake me not, O Lord;
Let me Thy goodness taste;
Be not afar removed from me;
To help me, Lord, make haste.

PSALM 39

Heed I'll take unto my ways,
That I sin not with my tongue;
Speech I'll guard through all my days
While the wicked I'm among.
Dumb with silence I was found,
E'en from good I held my peace;
Grief within me and around,
Did with ev'ry change increase.

Hot within me was my heart;
While I mused the fire burned:
Then I spake: To me impart
That for which my soul hath yearned;
Make me, Lord, to know mine end,
And the measure of my days;
Frail I am; Thy grace extend,
It alone my spirit stays.

As a handbreadth Thou hast made
All my days before Thee pass;
Soon appears life's evening shade,
When we fall as doth the grass.
Surely ev'ry man doth walk
In a vain and empty show;
Of his riches he doth talk,
Knowing not where they shall go.

Now, O Lord, what wait I for?
All my hope is fixed in Thee;
My transgressions I deplore,
From them all deliver me.
I was dumb and held my peace,
For Thy hand had laid me low;
Lord, Thy chast'ning deign to cease,
Lest I die beneath Thy blow.

When Thy hand, in Providence,
Teacheth man, his sins to slay,
Then his beauty his defense,
Is consumed and flies away.
Lord, give ear unto my cry,
I am but a wanderer here;
Strengthen me before I die;
Spare me, Lord, to me draw near.

PSALM 40

I waited patiently
For God on high,
And He inclined to me
And heard my cry:
He brought me from a helpless state;
On Him alone I now await.

He hath put a new song
Upon my tongue;
Praise to our God most strong
By me is sung:
The people shall it gladly hear,
And trust the Lord with trembling fear.

Blest is the man that makes
The Lord his trust;
The proud and vain forsakes;
And the unjust;
How many are Thy works, O Lord!
No pen of man can them record.

Vain sacrifice and gifts
Thou hast not craved;
Thy Holy Spirit lifts
My soul enslaved,
So that upon the sacred tree
A costly sacrifice I see.

Then said I, Lord I come,
As 'tis revealed
Within the sacred tome,
Nor there concealed,
I long to do Thy holy will;
Thy law abides within me still.

I righteousness have taught
To the great host;
Thy law to them I've brought—
Which they need most—
Thy faithfulness I have declared;
With them Thy lovingkindness shared.

Withhold not, Lord, from me
Thy tender love;
Thy truth and pardon free,
Send from above;
For mine iniquities me hold;
They number more than can be told.

Be pleased, O Lord, to save;
To help, make haste;
Let them confusion have
Who would me waste;
A lasting shame to all impart,
Who wish me evil in their heart.

Let them be desolate
And brought to shame,
Who do with scorn and hate
Deride my name;
But let Thine own in heart rejoice,
And praise Thee with exultant voice.

But I am poor and weak;
In need am I;
Yet doth the Lord me seek,
And draw me nigh:
Thou art my only hope and stay;
Lord, tarry not, but come, I pray.

PSALM 41

Blessed, yea, thrice blest is he
That doth have the poor in mind;
His support the Lord will be,
And in trouble comfort find;
Yea, the Lord will him preserve,
And will keep his soul alive;
Kept is he, that doth God serve,
Kept when foes against him strive.

God will strengthen him when on
Beds of languishing and pain;
There his pillow shall be down;
There he'll strength and comfort gain.
Lord, be merciful to me,
Thus I cried, and heal my soul,
For I have transgressed 'gainst Thee;
Sins unnumbered o'er me roll.

Enemies of me speak ill;
When shall they depart and die?
When they come to see me still,
They in evil sayings vie.
All that hate me whisper there.
They against me vainly talk;
Thus they say—while yet they stare—
He no more will rise and walk.

Yea, mine own familiar friend,
He, in whom I trusted well,
He who did my feasts attend,
Doth of my affliction tell.
God, be merciful to me,
And in pity raise me up,
So that they confused may be,—
Take from me this bitter cup.

Grant that I by this may know
That Thou dost me favor still;
Let Thy graces in me grow
Till they all my being fill.
Blessed be the Lord on high;
Jacob's God be praised then;
Past and future make reply:
Praise the Lord! Amen, Amen.

PSALM 42

As pants the weary hart to find
The cool refreshing brook,
So pants my soul, while groping blind,
For Thee whom I forsook.

For Thee, the living God, I thirst,
O when shall I draw near?
Unless Thy grace shall draw me first,
How, Lord, shall I appear?

My tears have been my constant meat;
I mourn by day and night,
While foes about me still repeat:
Where now is God, thy light?

When I remember all these things,
My soul within me dies:
O had I now faith's eager wings,
To Thee, my God, I'd rise.

Oft to Thy house in company
I went in former days,
And raised in tuneful melody
The song of joy and praise.

O why art thou cast down, my soul?
Why throb, unquiet breast?
Have hope in God, I'll yet extol
His grace that giveth rest.

Within me is my soul cast down,
But I remember still,
The floods did not Thy people drown,
Thou wast on Mizar's hill.

Deep calleth unto deep with noise,
And threatn'ing waters roar;
The waves of sorrow drown my joys.
Cold billows sweep me o'er.

Yet will the Lord command His love
To shield me day by day;
And in the night His song shall prove
My comfort and my stay.

My soul doth say to God, my Rock,
O why dost Thou forget?
Why go I mourning, while, to mock,
My foes against me set?

As with a sword within my bones,
My foes apply the rod,
While daily they, amid my groans,
Ask: Where is now thy God?

Have hope in God, and I shall now
Praise Him with joyful voice;
To Him, with faith restored, I'll bow,
And in His name rejoice.

PSALM 43

Judge me, O Lord, and plead my cause
Against a nation lost in sin;
From men unjust deliver me,
When they deceitful ways begin.

O God! Thou art my strength and hope!
Why, why dost Thou now cast me off?
Why go I mourning still because
My foes oppress me sore, and scoff?

Lord, send out now Thy light and truth,
To lead me safely through the land,
And bring me to Thy holy hill,
E'en where Thy tabernacles stand.

Then will I to Thine altar go,
O God, my one exceeding joy,
And there Thy praise—on harp well tuned—
Exultantly my time employ.

Why art thou, then, cast down, my soul?
And why disquieted, my mind?
Hope in the Lord; Him will I praise;
Rest, joy, and peace, in Him I'll find.

PSALM 44

We have with our own ears,
Heard what our fathers told
Of Thee in former years;
Thy work in times of old:
How Thou deliv'rance to them brought,
And for us 'gainst the heathen fought.

For they got not the land
By their own power and might;
'Twas conquered by Thy hand,
And Thine unerring sight:
Thou art our only King, O God,
Deliv'rance bring us by Thy rod.

Through Thee we shall push down
Our enemies and Thine;
Thou wilt our efforts crown,
And give us help divine:
For I will not trust in my bow,
Nor by my sword deliv'rance know.

Thou didst us save, O Lord,
From all that would us harm;
Didst shame to foes accord
By Thine almighty arm;
In Thee we boasted all day long,
And praised Thee with unending song.

But Thou hast cast us off,
And put us all to shame;
At which the heathen scoff,
And mock Thy holy name:
On foes we weakly turn our back,
When strength divine from Thee we lack.

Like sheep we driven are,
Before our foes and Thine;
We're sold to those afar
When ceases help divine:
A vile reproach we then are found,
A scorn to all our foes around.

A byword Thou dost make
Of us to all our foes;
We with confusion quake,
And fall beneath their blows;
Our ears their blasphemy do hear,
Nor seems there hope or succor near.

All this is come to us,
Yet do we not forget
That Thou hast led us thus,
And wilt avenge us yet:
Our heart is not turned back today
From serving Thee in Thine own way.

Thou hast us brought to shame,
With Thy correcting rod,
When we forgot Thy name,
And sought another god:
Shall not God search this out? for He
The secrets of the heart doth see.

Yea, for Thy sake are we
Killed and consumed all day;
We would not from Thee flee,
But for the slaughter stay:
Awake! why sleepest Thou, O Lord?
Cast us not off; Thy help afford.

Why hidest Thou Thy face,
And all our woes forget?
We are in deep disgrace,
But Thou canst help us yet:
Arise! O Lord; for us awake;
Redeem us for Thy mercies' sake.

PSALM 45

My heart within me speaks of truth
Concerning Christ, the heavenly King;
My tongue is as the pen of one
Who doth a ready answer bring.

Thou fairer art than men of earth;
Grace from Thy lips doth ever flow;
Therefore God hath Thee blest above
The richest blessings earth can know.

Gird now Thy sword upon Thy thigh,
And let Thy glory fill the land;
Ride forth in majesty and truth;
Teach righteousness by Thy right hand.

Thine arrows pierce the inmost heart
Of all Thine enemies, O Lord;
And people that against Thee rise,
Are felled beneath Thy flaming sword.

Thy throne forever shall abide;
Thy scepter is a scepter right;
Thou lovest righteousness and truth;
All sin is hateful in Thy sight.

Therefore hath God anointed Thee
With oil of gladness over all;
Thy garments smell of myrrh, and they
On Thee from kingly dwellings fall.

Kings' daughters, too, were found among
The women that on Thee did wait;
There stood the queen, in Ophir's gold,
To welcome Thee before the gate.

O daughter, hearken! and incline
Thine ear to precious words of truth;
Forget also thy father's house,
Where thou didst spend thy early youth.

So shall the King thy beauty see,
And He thine homage there shall own;
He is thy God; O worship Him,
Nor let another share His throne.

And Tyre's daughter shall be there,
With costly gift she shall Thee greet;
The rich among the people shall
Thy favor and Thy grace entreat.

How glorious is Thy church within!
Her clothing is of fine wrought gold;
She shall be brought unto the King,
That He her beauty may behold.

With gladness and rejoicing shall
Thy ransomed ones to Thee be brought,
And enter through the palace gate,
Which they through tribulation sought.

The children take the fathers' place,
As generations pass away;
Of them Thou mayest princes make,
And each may serve Thee in his day.

Lord, I will make Thy name to be
Remembered by the nations then;
In all the generations shall
The people worship Thee. Amen.

PSALM 46

God is our refuge and our strength;
In trouble he is near,
And though the earth should be removed,
Our hearts shall know no fear.

Yea, though the mountains carried are
Into the troubled sea,
And shake amidst the surging waves,
Yet steadfast shall we be.

There is a river, full and wide,
The streams whereof rejoice
The city of the Lord Most High,
The city of His choice.

Our God is in the midst of her,
And she shall not be moved;
That God will help, and early too,
He countless times hath proved.

The heathen vainly raged and stormed
Against His kingdom fair;
He uttered low His voice, and soon
Their hosts defeated were.

The Lord of Hosts is with us still,
Our refuge is in God;
And though we desolations see,
We'll trust His guiding rod.

He maketh wars to cease; the earth
With lasting peace He fills;
He breaks the bow and spear, and burns
The chariot when He wills.

Be still, and know that I am God;
I will exalted be
Among the heathen, and will rule
The earth from sea to sea.

The Lord of Hosts is with us still;
God is our refuge now;
Before His face, in joy or grief,
With trusting hearts we bow.

PSALM 47

Praise the Lord with glad rejoicing;
All ye people sing His praise;
Shout aloud, His triumph voicing,
Joyful hallelujahs raise;
He is mighty,
Over all His scepter sways.

He'll subdue the nations for us;
Put the tribes beneath our feet;
All the land He will restore us,
Pour on us His blessings sweet:
Praise Him! praise Him!
Let us now His praise repeat.

With a shout the Lord ascendeth,
And a victory doth bring:
With a song that never endeth,
We Jehovah's praises sing;
Hallelujah!
Praise we give unto our King.

God is King of ev'ry nation;
Sing His praise, His kingdom own;
He hath given us salvation,
He hath favor to us shown;
Praise eternal,
Doth become Him on His throne.

PSALM 48

Mighty is the Lord Jehovah;
He is greatly to be praised,
In the city where He dwelleth,
In the mountain He hath raised.
Beautiful for situation,
Joy of all the earth, we sing,
Is Mount Zion, well surrounded,
City of our God and King.

God is known in all her dwellings.
For a refuge sure and strong;
Hostile kings were there assembled,
And together passed along;
When they saw it, lo! they marveled,
And in trouble turned away,
For a fear took hold upon them,
As the sight before them lay.

As we've heard it, so we've seen it,
In the city of the Lord;
God established it forever,
E'en according to His word.
We have meditated often
Of Thy lovingkindness here;
And while seated in Thy temple,
We have praised with trembling fear.

Lord, as is Thy name for greatness,
So Thy praise doth fill the earth;
Righteousness Thy being filleth;
Thou to righteous laws gave birth.
Let rejoicings fill Mount Zion,
And let Judah still rejoice;
Yea, because of righteous judgments,
Praise we with united voice.

Walk, ye saints, about on Zion,
And go round her walls with care;
Tell the number of her towers,
And the watchmen stationed there;
Mark ye well her mighty bulwarks,
Look on all her palaces,
That to others, coming after,
You may give account of these.

For this God, so great and holy,
Is our God for evermore;
We would seek His temple daily,
There to worship and adore;
He, through life's uncertain journey,
Will at all times be our guide;
And at death He will receive us,
Ever with Him to abide.

PSALM 49

Hear this, ye people all;
Unto my words give ear;
Both rich and poor attend my words,
While I the truth make clear.

I shall of wisdom speak,
Of wisdom from on high;
The meditations of my heart
Unto the truth are nigh.

Unto a parable
I will mine ear incline;
My sayings dark I will declare
Upon the harp divine.

Oh! wherefore should I fear
When come the evil days?
E'en days when foes encompass me,
And trouble with me stays?

They that trust in their wealth,
And of their riches boast,
Are helpless when death beckons them
To join the silent host.

Not one his brother can,
From death eternal save;
Nor cause the lifeless body there,
To rise from out the grave.

A costly price was paid,
To save the precious soul,
That it might live for evermore,
While ceaseless ages roll.

The wise men daily die;
The foolish are laid low;
They leave their wealth to others, for
It cannot with them go.

Their inward thought has been,
Our houses shall abide;
And generations following,
Shall still in them reside.

Yet man in honor here
Abideth not always;
He, like the beasts that perish, lives
But his allotted days.

They, all, like sheep, are laid
Within the grave at last;
Worms feed on them; their beauty dies;
Their power, too, is past.

But in the time to come,
God will my soul retrieve,
And lift it from the darksome tomb,
And me He will receive.

When one is here made rich,
Oh! be not thou afraid;
He leaveth all at death, and he
Within the grave is laid.

Though, while he lived he blessed
His soul, and took his ease—
For men will praise thee, when thy wealth
Consists of things like these.

Like his forefathers, he
Shall see no more the light;
A foolish man in honor dies;
As die the beasts at night.

PSALM 50

The mighty God, the Lord of hosts,
Hath spoken with a voice divine,
And called the earth from where the sun
Doth rise, to where its beams decline.

From Zion, the abode of God,
That temple built with matchless grace,
Perfect and strong in all its parts,
Is seen the shining of his face.

Our God will come in dread array;
Nature and man his voice shall hear;
Before him shall a fire rage
And burn the evil far and near.

Unto the heavenly hosts above,
And to the earth the Lord will call
His saints, though far and wide dispersed,
He'll gather and reward them all.

The heavens, with united voice,
His truth and justice shall declare,
For God himself alone is judge,
And gives to each a righteous share.

Hear, O my flock! and I will speak;
O Jacob! I will testify
Against thee while thy sacrifice,
Still smoking, doth before me lie.

Seeing thou dost instruction hate,
And all my words behind thee cast;
With thieves and evil doers thou
Art found to be in friendship fast.

Thy mouth is filled with evil, and
Thy tongue is framed to all deceit;
Thou slanderest thy mother's son,
And would his lawful aims defeat.

These things, O sinful man, thou hast
In secrecy and darkness done,
Forgetting that mine eye doth see
The hidden deeds of ev'ry one.

I will reprove thee, and will set
Thine evil deeds before mine eyes;
O heed! lest thou shouldst fall away,
Where mercy ne'er shall hear thy cries.

Oh! ye that do your God forget,
Consider this and on him call,
Lest he, in justice, soon shall cause
Thy frame, dismembered, there to fall.

He glorifies my name who doth
An offering of praise bestow;
To him who speaks and lives aright,
I will salvation freely show.

PSALM 51

Have mercy on me, O my God!
Withhold, I pray, Thy chast'ning rod!
May I forgiveness with Thee find;
Blot my transgressions from Thy mind.

Wash me from mine iniquity;
Cleanse me, that I may guiltless be;
My sins of life before me rise,—
They come unbidden to mine eyes.

'Gainst Thee I've sinned in Heaven's light,
And done this evil in Thy sight:
Thou, Thou art justified, O God,
To lay on me Thy chast'ning rod.

I in iniquity was born;
Sin conquered me in life's first morn;
But truth Thou didst within me sow,
And wisdom give, that truth to know.

Purge me with hyssop as Thou wilt,
So that my soul be cleansed from guilt;
Thy sacrificial blood bestow,
And I shall whiter be than snow.

Let joy and gladness fill my heart;
Let chastisement new peace impart:
From all my sins, Lord, hide Thy face;
Leave not of their vile blot a trace.

Create in me a heart that's clean;
From ev'ry sin my spirit wean:
Oh! cast me not away from Thee;
Take not Thy Spirit, Lord, from me.

The joy of Thy salvation, now
Restore, as I before Thee bow;
With Thy rich grace my soul uphold,
And in Thy service make me bold.

From sins of blood deliver me;
Grant unto me salvation free;
Then shall my tongue Thy praises sing;
My mouth shall testimony bring.

Open my lips, that I may raise
A song that's new unto Thy praise;
Unseal my mouth, that it may speak
A word of warning to the weak.

No sacrifice dost Thou desire;
No offering that's burnt with fire;
Or still in these would I delight,
And bring of them before Thy sight.

What sacrifice, Lord, wouldst Thou see?
A broken spirit it should be,
A broken and a contrite heart,—
For these, O Lord, Thy grace impart.

Do good in Thy good pleasure, Lord,
To Zion; strength to her afford;
Jerusalem, build Thou her walls,
And heed when she upon Thee calls.

Then shall her offerings delight,
And pleasant be in Heaven's sight;
Then bullocks, on Thine altar there
Shall offered be, and gifts most rare.

PSALM 52

Why now in wisdom boast,
O mighty man of clay?
God's goodness evermore endures,
It passes not away:
Evil, alas! thy tongue employs,
It seeks the good and it destroys.

Thou lovest evil more
Than the enduring good;
And lying lips, instead of true,
Are to thee pleasant food:
Thy words destroy both old and young,
E'en thine, deceitful, wicked tongue.

God will thee soon destroy,
O bold, deceitful man!
He'll pluck thee from thy dwelling place,
And spoil thine ev'ry plan:
The righteous, also, this shall see,
And fear on all around shall be.

They, wondering, shall say:
Lo! was not this the man
That made not God his strength, and thus
To his destruction ran?
They answer: It was he indeed,
Now others on his riches feed.

But I am like a tree,
An olive tree that's green,
And daily in the house of God,
I, worshiping, am seen;
In God, the Lord, is all my trust;
For He alone is wise and just.

Thee will I praise always,
O Triune God in One!
Forever I will praise Thy work,
Because Thou hast it done;
Yea, I will wait upon Thy name,
And it to all the saints proclaim.

PSALM 53

The fool hath proudly said
 Within his darkened heart:
There is no God. Corrupt art they;
 They do from good depart.

The Lord looked down from Heaven
 Upon this sinful race,
To see if any understood,
 And sought in truth His face.

He found them all gone back;
 He found them all undone;
Not one among them doeth good,
 Not one, alas! not one.

Have they no knowledge then,
 Who trespass on my saints?
The Lord will soon His own avenge;
 He heareth their complaints.

Though they at times had fear,
 God did their foes disband,
And scattered such as did them ill,
 By His almighty hand.

Oh! that salvation were
 For Israel wrought out!
Then would the hosts of Zion join
 In one exultant shout.

When God, the Lord, brings back
 The people of His choice,
Then Israel shall give acclaim,
 And Jacob shall rejoice.

PSALM 54

Save me by Thy name, O Lord;
Judge me by Thy strength divine;
Hear my prayer; Thy help afford;
Heed these contrite words of mine.
Strangers do against me rise,
And my soul oppressors seek;
God is not before their eyes;
They against me daily speak.

God alone my helper is;
'Tis His Spirit me upholds;
He will fight for me in this,
For His promise me enfolds;
He my foes will soon destroy,
He will quickly cut them off;
Power divine He will employ
'Gainst mine enemies that scoff.

I will sacrifice to Thee,
And will praise Thy name, O Lord,
For Thou hast delivered me;
Lo! Thou didst me help afford;
And mine eye hath seen Thy power
On mine enemies of old;
Thou hast brought me to this hour,
Thy salvation to behold.

PSALM 55

Give ear unto my prayer,
Thyself with it acquaint;
Attend unto me, Lord, and hear;
I mourn in my complaint.

I mourn because the voice
Of foes against me speaks;
Because the wicked me oppress,
My heart Thine altar seeks.

They evil on me cast;
In wrath they do me hate;
My heart is pained within me, and
Death's terrors I await.

A fearfulness untold,
And trembling, weigh me down;
A horror hath o'erwhelmed my soul;
I sink beneath Thy frown.

I said, O that I had
Wings, like a dove, to fly;
Then would I soar away and rest
'Neath some serener sky.

Lo! then I'd wander far
From ills of ev'ry form;
With joy I'd hasten my escape
From tempest and from storm.

Destroy my foes, O Lord;
Their evil tongues divide;
Within the city I have seen
The strife they could not hide.

By day and night they walk
About upon the walls;
A sorrow doth their steps attend,
A blight around them falls.

For in the midst thereof
Are evils and deceits;
Deceit and guile of darkest hue,
Depart not from her streets.

'Twas not a foe that did
Reproach me thus with scorn,
Nor was it one that hated me—
This could my soul have borne.

But it was thou, a man
Mine equal and my friend;
Together we sweet counsel took,
And did God's house attend.

Let death upon them seize;
Let them go down to hell,
For wickedness among them is,
Sin doth among them dwell.

But as for me, I now
Will call upon the Lord;
From evil He will save His own,
According to His word.

At eve, and morn, and noon,
The Lord shall be my choice;
To Him I'll pray and cry aloud,
And He will hear my voice.

He to my soul hath given
Sweet peace from conflicts hot;
From battles that against me were,
He hath deliv'rance wrought.

The Lord shall them afflict
That in their sins abide;
Because they change not, they no more
Beneath His care reside.

The wicked reacheth out
'Gainst such as are at peace;
His covenant he broken hath,
His evil deeds increase.

His words like butter were,
But war was in his heart;
His words appeared like oil, but they
Were swords to rend apart.

Thy burden cast on God,
And He shall thee sustain;
The righteous never shall be moved;
Secure they shall remain.

But Thou shalt soon destroy
Such as depart from Thee;
Short is their life; but in Thy word
My trust shall ever be.

PSALM 56

Be merciful to me, O God!
For man would me destroy;
He, fighting, doth oppress me sore;
My foes he doth employ.

Mine enemies would rise to bring
My swift destruction nigh;
For there are many that unite
Against me, O Most High.

What time that I am sore afraid,
Then will I trust in Thee;
In times of peril, Thou, O Lord,
My ready help wilt be.

In God I'll praise His holy word,
In God I've put my trust;
I will not fear what man can do,
For God, the Lord, is just.

They ev'ry day do twist my words,
And do my hurt devise;
They hide themselves, they mark my steps,
And then against me rise.

Shall they in their iniquity
Escape Thine out-stretched rod?
In anger cast these people down!
Avenge me, O my God!

Thou tellest all my wanderings;
Thou dost upon me look;
Collect, O Lord, my falling tears!
Are they not in Thy book?

When I unto Thee cry for aid,
Then shall my foes turn back;
For God is for me, this I know;
His help I shall not lack.

My heart shall ever praise the Lord;
In Him is all my trust;
I will not fear what man can do,
For God, our God, is just.

Thy holy vows are on me laid;
Thy name I'll ever praise;
Yea, I will wait before Thee, Lord,
And serve Thee all my days.

For Thou hast saved my soul from death:
Guide Thou my steps aright,
That I in ways of holiness,
May give to others light.

PSALM 57

Be merciful to me, O God!
Be merciful, O Lord, to me;
My soul, when bowed beneath Thy rod,
Doth put her trust alone in Thee.

Yea, in the shadow of Thy wings,
I will myself for refuge cast;
Their shade a sanctuary brings
Till these calamities are past.

I'll cry unto my God, Most High;
To God, who all things doth perform,
And He shall for my help draw nigh,
And rescue me from out the storm.

From Heaven He will send relief,
And save me from mine enemies;
Yea, in the time of strife and grief,
He will protect my life from these.

'Mong lions, lo! my soul is found;
Fierce men of wrath I am among,
Whose teeth are spears and arrows ground,
And like a sharpened sword, their tongue.

Be Thou exalted, O my King!
Above the heavens place Thy throne,
And let Thy praises ever ring
Upon the earth from zone to zone.

They've for my steps a net prepared—
The thought doth fill my soul with pain—
They've digged a pit, but lo! ensnared,
They fall therein, and thus are slain.

My heart is fixed, O God; my heart
Is fixed! and I will give Thee praise;
Awake my tongue, and praise impart,
With harp well tuned an anthem raise.

Thee will I praise, O Lord, my King,
Among the people of my birth;
To Thee with joyfulness I'll sing
Among the nations of the earth.

For lo! Thy mercy, Lord, doth reach
Unto the heavens far above;
Thy truth, high as the clouds, doth teach
How perfect is Thy changeless love.

Be Thou exalted! O my King;
Above the heavens place Thy throne;
And let Thy praises ever ring
Upon the earth from zone to zone.

PSALM 58

Speak ye in righteousness,
O congregation, then?
And do ye judge uprightly now,
Ye fallen sons of men?

Yea, in your hearts ye work
The works of wickedness;
Ye weigh the deeds of violence,
And bring on all distress.

The wicked are estranged
From all that's pure and right;
As soon as they are born they stray;
In lies they take delight.

The poison of their tongue
Is like the serpent's sting;
Like adders deaf, they stop the ear,
Nor heed when charmers sing.

Break Thou their teeth, O Lord!
The teeth of lions young,
The teeth of such as would destroy
The righteous with their tongue.

Let them fast melt away,
As waters disappear;
When he doth bend his bow to shoot,
Bring his destruction near.

As melts the snail that crawls,
So let them pass away;
As dies the unborn child, let them
Not see the light of day.

Before your pots can feel
The warmth above the fire,
God, as a whirlwind, shall destroy
The wicked in His ire.

The righteous shall rejoice,
When he God's vengeance sees;
And while he views their flowing blood,
He'll worship at his ease.

So that a man shall say,
A just reward awaits
The righteous while on earth, and when
They reach the heavenly gates.

PSALM 59

Defend me from mine enemies,
From such as do against me rise;
Deliver me from evil men,
Nor let them e'er Thy grace despise.

For lo! they lie in ambush still,
To catch my soul they lie in wait;
Not my transgressions, nor my sin,
Aroused in them this bitter hate.

They run, and do prepare themselves
Without my fault; and are most bold;
Awake to help me, O my God!
My anguish and distress behold.

Awake! awake! O Lord of Hosts;
O God of Israel, awake!
And visit Thou the heathen tribes,
Nor let Thy vengeance pity take.

When darkness comes, they do return,
And round the city seek for prey;
Sharp words, reviling, pass their lips;
For who, for who, shall hear? they say.

But ah! the time will surely come,
When Thou wilt at them laugh, O Lord;
In Thy derision Thou wilt pierce
Their hearts with Thine avenging sword.

Because the Lord, my God, is strong,
My soul shall safely rest on Thee;
For God alone is my defence,
He my defence and strength shall be.

The God of grace shall me prevent;
My gracious God shall let me see;
Shall let me see my strong desire
Descend upon mine enemy.

Slay Thou them not; disperse afar,
Lest otherwise Thy saints forget;
Bring Thou them down, O Lord, our Shield;
Their pride in lonely places set.

The sinful words their lips did speak,
For such consume them in Thy wrath;
So let them know that God doth reign,
And on the earth a kingdom hath.

At evening time let them return,
And search for meat the city round;
A meat alas! which has no strength
To satisfy when it is found.

But I will of Thy power sing,
And of Thy mercy sing aloud;
Yea, in the morn, when dawns the light,
I'll sing with head before Thee bowed.

For Thou hast been my sure defence,
My refuge in life's darksome day;
To Thee, my God, I'll ever sing,
And worship Thee along the way.

PSALM 60

Lord, Thou hast cast us off,
And scattered us like rain;
With Thine Thou hast been sore displeased;
Turn, turn to us again.

Yea, Thou hast made the earth
To tremble and to shake;
Heal, Thou, the breaches all thereof,
For it in fear doth quake.

Thou hast the people shown,
Things hard to understand;
The wine of sorrow Thou hast bid
Us drink from Thine own hand.

A banner Thou hast given
To them that do Thee fear,
That it may be displayed, because
Thy truth to them is dear.

That Thy beloved may be
Delivered from all ill,
Save me, O Lord, with Thy right hand;
In mercy hear me still.

In holiness the Lord
To me hath given voice:
I will divide the land, and will
In all my works rejoice.

Fair Gilead is mine;
 I o'er Manasseh spread,
 And Ephraim, also, is the strength
 Of my long suff'ring head.

Judah, a child beloved,
 My lawgiver shall be;
 Moab and Edom, and the rest,
 Rejoice because of me!

Who, who will bring me up
 Into the city strong?
 Who will me into Edom lead
 With a triumphant song?

Wilt Thou not, O my God,
 Who hast us cast away?
 Thou who didst not go out with us
 To where our armies lay?

From trouble give us help;
 Vain is the help of man;
 Who will us aid in our distress?
 'Tis God alone who can.

Through God we shall do well,
 If we His truth employ,
 For He it is that will tread down
 Our foes, and them destroy.

PSALM 61

Hear my cry, O Lord Jehovah,
 And attend unto my prayer;
 From the earth's remotest border,
 I will call and seek Thee there;

When my heart is over burdened,
Then, O Lord, to Thee I'll cry;
Lead me to the Rock Eternal,
Rock that higher is than I.

Thou hast been a shelter for me
In my times of deep distress;
And Thou art a tower of refuge
When fierce foes around me press.
I within Thy tabernacle
Shall for evermore abide;
I will trust, and in the covert
Of Thy wings will safely hide.

Lord, I've vowed, and Thou hast heard me,
And a heritage bestowed,
Joy and peace, and life eternal,
Till my cup has overflowed.
O prepare Thy truth and mercy!
They will save 'mid stress and storm:
Lord, I'll praise Thy name forever,
And my sacred vows perform.

PSALM 62

My soul doth wait on God alone;
My life doth issue from His throne;
He, only, is my Rock;
He's my salvation and defence,
I shall not be removéd hence,
But dwell amidst the flock.

How long will ye imagine ill
Against a man? It is my will
That ye shall all be slain;

Ye shall, e'en as a bowing wall,
And as a tott'ring fence, soon fall,
Nor rise from earth again.

They only do consult to cast
Down to the earth the saints at last;
They all delight in lies;
With blessing they their mouth engage,
But inwardly they curse with rage,
And ev'ry ill devise.

On God alone, my soul, now wait;
My surest hope He doth create;
He is my only Rock;
He's my salvation, my defence;
I shall not be removéd hence,
However man may mock.

I glory in His guiding rod;
My strength, my refuge, is in God;
Oh, trust Him all who fear!
Trust Him! trust Him! ye fearful saints;
Tell unto Him all your complaints;
He is our refuge near.

For surely men of low degree
Are found to be but vanity;
Deceitful are the high:
In wicked schemes put not your trust,
Nor let your heart on glitt'ring dust,
For happiness rely.

The Lord hath spoken once, yea, lo!
Twice have I heard that power below
Doth unto Him belong;

And justice, too, for Thou dost give
To all according as they live,
In righteous deeds, or wrong.

PSALM 63

O God, Thou art my God;
Thee will I early seek;
My soul doth thirst for Thee, my flesh
Longs for Thee, and is weak.

Here in a thirsty land,
Where are no water springs,
To see Thy power and glory, I
Would rise on faith's swift wings.

Thy loving kindness is
To me exceeding dear,
I'll ever praise Thy holy name,
And worship Thee in fear.

Thus will I bless Thee, Lord,
While yet I have my breath;
I'll lift my hands up in Thy name
Till they relax in death.

My soul shall surely now
With nourishment be fed,
When I, in meditations sweet,
Praise Thee upon my bed.

Because Thou, Lord, hast been
My help and heard my voice,
I, in the shadow of Thy wings,
Shall ever more rejoice.

My soul shall follow hard,
To reach for Thee, my God;
Thy right hand, it upholdeth me;
I'm guided by Thy rod.

All those that seek my soul,
It to destroy and kill,
Shall by Thy sword be slain, and shall
Earth's lowest portions fill.

But he, who rules as king,
Shall in the Lord rejoice;
Yea, ev'ry one that serves the Lord,
Shall praise him with the voice.

Not so the tongues of them
That love to frame deceit;
The mouth of such shall soon be stopped,
Nor lies can they repeat.

PSALM 64

Now while my voice ascends above,
Hear Thou my prayer, O God of love;
When I of secret foes have fear,
Then to preserve my life draw near.

From those who secret counsel take,
Hide me, and for my cause awake;
From insurrection set me free,
From those who work iniquity.

E'en those who whet their tongues to speak
In bitter words against the weak,
That they the righteous thus may harm,
And thrust at him without alarm.

They would themselves encourage in
An evil matter, full of sin;
Yea, snares they lay quite privately,
And whisper low: Who shall them see?

Iniqualities they would search out;
Yea, them to find, they search about;
The inward thought of all of them,
Is how they may the good o'erwhelm.

But God will soon an arrow cast,
And they shall wounded be at last;
Their weapons on themselves shall fall,
But none shall heed their anguished call.

And men, believing, then shall fear
To see this judgment swift appear;
They'll there declare the work of God,
And own 'twas His avenging rod.

The righteous shall be glad in Him;
Naught can their trust hereafter dim;
All, all the upright shall rejoice,
And praise Him with united voice.

PSALM 65

Praise awaiteth now for Thee,
O my God, in Zion fair;
Now our vows performed shall be,
Vows that we unto Thee sware.
O Thou King in Heaven high,
Hear our prayers as they ascend;
Unto Thee shall we draw nigh;
Saving grace to us extend.

Evils great 'gainst me prevail;
Lord, they do upon me stay;
Yet, though sins do us assail,
Thou wilt wash them all away.
Blessed is the man whom Thou
Causest to approach to Thee,
That he in Thy courts may bow,
In Thy presence ever be.

Yea, we satisfied shall be
With the goodness that surrounds
Thy sweet habitation free,
Where all righteousness abounds;
E'en Thy holy temple fair,
Where assemble all Thy saints;
Yea, they meet to worship there,
Voicing praise and sad complaints.

There, in awful righteousness,
Thou wilt answer us, O God;
Thou, our hope in times of stress,
Lead us onward by Thy rod.
Thou, who by Thy strength alone,
Settest fast the mountains high;
Thou who stillest the dread moan
Of the waves as they come nigh.

They that dwell in parts afar,
Tremble at thine unknown voice;
Yet the morning, without mar,
And the evening time rejoice.
Thou dost visit all the earth,
And its waters cause to flow.
Thou to all things giveth birth,
And Thou causest them to grow.

Ridges Thou dost fill with rain,
And the furrows fruitful make,
So that man plants not in vain,
So that sleeping seeds awake.
Thou dost crown the passing year
With Thy goodness ev'ry day,
And Thy paths, afar and near,
Fatness drop along the way.

Drop upon the pastures green,
Where was once but desert wide;
And the little hills are seen
To rejoice on ev'ry side.
Fields with flocks are clothed about,
And the valleys wave with corn;
Yea, for very joy they shout,
Shout and sing at eve and morn.

PSALM 66

Come, make a joyful noise
Unto the Lord Most High!
Ye distant lands and near,
Unto the Lord draw nigh:
Sing forth the honor of His name;
Ye saints, His glory now proclaim.

How terrible art Thou
In mighty works, O God!
Thine enemies shall all
Submit unto Thy rod:
Yea, all the earth shall worship Thee;
A sacred choir it shall be.

Come ye, and see the works
Of God throughout the land;
What wonders He hath wrought
By His almighty hand;
To solid earth He turned the sea;
At his command the waves did flee.

Our hearts were lifted up,
There did we all rejoice,
And gladly did obey
The Lord's exalted voice:
With power He ruleth over all,
And nations great before Him fall.

Ye people, bless the Lord!
He hath His mercy proved;
He holds our souls in life,
Nor lets our feet be moved;
Lord, Thou hast proved us, nor denied
To try us e'en as gold is tried.

Thou didst entangle us
In nets laid for our feet;
Our hearts were filled with pain;
We did affliction meet;
Men came and conquered us anew,
Fire and water we passed through.

But Thou didst bring us out
Into a wealthy place.
I'll seek Thy house and pay
My vows before Thy face;
The vows that I unto Thee made,
When trouble sore was on me laid.

My offerings I'll bring,
And sacrifice to Thee
The choicest and the best,
That have belonged to me;
Upon Thine altar I will lay
My choicest gifts from day to day.

All ye that fear the Lord,
Draw near, and I'll declare
That God gave unto me
Rich portions for my share:
My mouth extolled His holy name,
My tongue His praises did proclaim.

If I iniquity
Regard within my heart,
The Lord will not me hear,
He will from me depart:
O cleanse my heart of ev'ry sin,
Cleanse it for Thee to enter in.

But verily the Lord
Hath heard me worship there,
His ear hath caught my words,
And listened to my prayer:
Blest be the Lord who heard my plea,
Nor mercy did withhold from me.

PSALM 67

God be merciful to us,
Bless us with Thy grace divine,
And in tender mercy thus
Cause Thy face on us to shine.

Lord, now let Thy way be known;
Unto Thee the whole earth call;
Let the living seed be sown,
Saving grace 'mong nations all.

Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Yea, let all the people praise;
Let the tribes with one accord,
And the nations, anthems raise;
For Thou shalt most righteously
Judge the people of the land;
And the nations called by Thee,
Shall be governed by Thy hand.

Let the people praise Thee, God;
Let them laud Thy holy name;
Then the earth, with upturned sod,
Shall with increase spread Thy fame;
God will all our efforts bless,
And He will to us draw near;
He will rule in righteousness;
All the earth His name shall fear.

PSALM 68

Let God arise, and let His foes
Be scattered far and wide;
Let them that hate Him also flee,
And in confusion hide.

As smoke is blown before the wind,
So drive them with Thy rod;
As melts the wax, so may they fall
Before Thy face, O God.

But let the righteous still be glad,
And in the Lord rejoice;
Yea, let them all, in thankfulness,
Sing with united voice.

Sing unto God! sing praises now
Unto the Lord Most High;
Sing unto Him who rides above
The overhanging sky.

A Father of the fatherless,
In pity such is His;
A Judge, to plead the widow's cause,
The Lord Jehovah is.

The solitary He doth set
In families to dwell;
He bringeth out the captive soul,
The sin-sick soul makes well.

But the rebellious starve within
A dry and parchéd land;
No hidden manna gather they
From off the burning sand.

O God, when Thou didst go before
Thy people day and night;
When Thou didst through the wilderness,
Lead them by cloud and light.

Then shook the earth, the heavens dropped,
Before God's awful face;
E'en Sinai, when the Lord appeared,
Did tremble to its base.

Refreshing rains of grace didst Thou
Upon the weary pour;
And congregations thrived within
The sanctuary door.

Thou hast prepared, Jehovah God,
Thy blessing for the poor;
And unto all didst give Thy word,
Thy word, divine and pure.

The kings of armies fast did flee,
Unaided in their toil;
But she who tarried safe at home,
Divided there the spoil.

Though ye have toiled among the pots,
Unsullied in my sight
Ye shall appear, fair, like the dove,
With wings of silvered light.

When the Almighty scattered kings,
Ye were as white as snow;
Light streams about the published word,
Where'er its tidings go.

The hill of God is as the hill
Of Bashan, seen afar;
Yea, 'tis the hill where God doth dwell,
And where His treasures are.

Why leap for joy, ye lofty hills,
And God's achievements tell?
This is the place of His desire,
Here will He ever dwell.

A thousand, thousand times are found
God's chariots of grace;
The angels of the Lord which speed
From out the holy place.

Thou hast ascended up on high,
Captivity hath bound;
Thou hast accepted gifts from men,
A ransom from them found.

E'en the rebellious, He hath led
In ways of truth and peace;
Blest be the Lord, who daily brings
His blessings to increase.

The Lord of our salvation is
The God who gave us breath;
And unto Him, our God, belongs
The issues of our death.

But God shall wound the head of all
His enemies most dread;
And those who still go on in sin,
To sorrow shall be led.

The Lord said: I will bring again
From Bashan all mine own;
And from the waters I will bring
All who my name have known.

That yet thy foot may be dipped in
The blood of all thy foes;
Yea, even more, thy dogs may lap
The same wher'er it flows.

Thy goings they have seen, O God,
Within Thy house, my King;
The people there on timbrels play,
And there before Thee sing.

Within the congregation bless
The Lord, and Him adore;
From Jacob's fountain blessings do
Without cessation pour.

There Benjamin and Judah shall
Their peaceful council hold;
The house of Zebulun with love
Shall Naphtali enfold.

Thy strength thy God commanded hath;
O strengthen, then, we pray,
That which Thy grace hath wrought for us,
In Thine appointed way.

Because Thy temple, Lord, doth stand
Within Jerusalem,
Shall kings bring presents unto Thee
Of pearl and costly gem.

The company of spearmen, Lord,
Rebuke, and scatter far;
Yea, scatter Thou the people that
Delight in blood and war.

From Egypt, princes yet shall come,
And rule with iron rod;
And Ethiopia shall soon
Stretch out her hands to God.

Sing unto God! ye realms of earth;
Sing praises to the Lord;
To Him who rides above the clouds,
Sing ye with one accord.

Unto our God ascribe ye strength;
His power divine is thrown
O'er Jacob, and His strength is in
The clouds of darkness shown.

O God, how terrible art Thou,
Outside Thy holy place!
But close within Thy sacred house,
We view with joy Thy face.

The God of Israel is He
That giveth strength and power
Unto His people. Praise His name,
And laud Him ev'ry hour.

PSALM 69

Save me, O Thou great Jehovah!
For the waters reach my soul;
Lo! I sink in strange disaster,
While the floods about me roll.
Of my crying I am weary,
E'en my throat is parched and dry;
Fail mine eyes while I am waiting
For an answer from on high.

More are they that hate me wrongly
Than the hairs upon my head;
Those that would destroy unjustly
Mighty are; my constant dread.

In pursuit of peace restored I
That which I took not away:
Lord, Thou knowest all my folly,
All I've done by night and day.

Let not them that on Thee waited,
For my sake be brought to shame;
Let not those in darkness wander,
Who have sought Thy gracious name.
For Thy sake I've borne reproaches,
Shame hath covered all my face;
Lo! I have become a stranger
To my brethren and my race.

For Thy house I long was zealous,
For its honor long I wept;
Chastened I my soul with fasting,
Sackcloth for my garment kept;
I became a proverb to them;
They that sit within the gate
Speak against me in derision,
And my sins and falls relate.

Yet for me my prayer unto Thee
Is in an accepted time;
In Thy tender mercy hear me,
Save me by Thy grace sublime.
From all sin my soul deliver,
It from all pollution keep;
Free me, Lord, from them that hate me,
Lift me from these waters deep.

Lord, let not the waves o'er-flow me,
Nor engulf me let the sea;
Neither let the pit eternal
Close her hungry mouth on me.

Hear me, O Thou great Jehovah,
In Thy lovingkindness now;
Turn to me in tender mercy,
While I at Thine altar bow.

Hide not from Thy waiting servant
Thy dear face of peace and love,
For I now am in deep trouble;
Hear me in Thy courts above.
Draw unto my soul yet nearer,
And redeem it with Thy blood;
Help me, Lord, for foes deriding,
Now surround me as a flood.

My reproach and my dishonor,
Lord Jehovah, Thou hast known;
When I looked for some to pity,
I was left to weep alone;
When I, craving in my hunger,
Asked for meat, they gave me gall;
And with bitter drink they answered
My despairing, thirsting call.

Let their table now before them,
As a curse, become a snare;
Let their guilty eyes be darkened,
Let them not of harm beware;
On them pour Thine indignation,
Let Thine anger 'gainst them swell;
Empty be their habitation,
Nor in tents let any dwell.

Him whom Thou hast sorely smitten,
They revile and persecute;
And of those whom Thou hast wounded,
They are to their grief not mute.

To their evil add yet evil,
Let them not behold Thy face;
From the annals of the living,
Blot this sin-accursed race.

I am poor; let Thy salvation
Set me up, O Lord, on high;
I will praise God's name for ever,
Him with praise I'll magnify.
This shall please the Lord Jehovah,
Better than a bullock slain:
Those that seek the Lord believing,
This shall see and live again.
For His poor He ever heareth,
Nor His lowly will despise;
Let the earth and heavens praise Him,
And all things beneath the skies.
For the Lord will rescue Zion;
There in safety all may dwell;
It His children shall inherit,
They who love and serve Him well.

PSALM 70

Haste O Lord, me to deliver;
Haste, my weary soul to save;
Thou of blessings art the giver,
Let not sin my soul enslave:
Help me! help me!
E'er I sink into the grave.

Let my foes be all ashamed,
That would seek my soul to stain;
Let them never more be named,
Let their efforts be in vain,
Nor to hurt me,
Let them now an entrance gain.

Backward let them all be turnéd
 That cry out: Aha! aha!
 'Tis the just reward they earnéd,
 When my misery they saw;
 Let them perish
 In the net their hands would draw.

But let all rejoice with singing,
 And be always glad in Thee,
 Who to others now are bringing
 Thy salvation, full and free:
 Hallelujah!
 May we all this blessing see.

But, O Lord, I'm poor and needy,
 Hasten now to me I pray;
 Let Thy help to me be speedy,
 Be to me my strength and stay;
 Save me! save me!
 All my hope on Thee I lay.

PSALM 71

In Thee, O Lord, I put my trust,
 Let not my hope be brought to shame;
 Deliver me, Thou God most just,
 O save me by Thy holy name.

Incline to me Thy gracious ear,
 And save me by Thy mighty arm;
 Be Thou my Rock when danger's near,
 Where I may hide from ev'ry harm.

From out the hand of wicked men,
 Deliver me, O righteous God!
 Thou art my help and fortress when
 Mine enemies apply the rod.

Yea, from my youth Thou art my trust;
My strength has been upheld by Thee;
My warmest praise forever must
Of Thy great lovingkindness be.

To many I'm a wonder great,
But Thou my refuge art and stay;
My tongue Thy praises shall relate,
And sing Thine honor all the day.

Cast me not off in my old age;
Forsake me not when strength grows weak,
For enemies against me rage,
Together they against me speak.

God hath forsaken him, they cry;
Him persecute and quickly take;
On none for help can he rely;
No friends to succor him await.

O God! be not Thou far from me;
Heed Thou my crying; help, make haste!
Let them confounded ever be
Who seek my soul to lay it waste.

But I in Thee will ever hope;
Thee will I praise yet more and more;
Yea, though with halting steps I grope,
My heart doth praise Thee and adore.

My mouth Thy righteousness shall tell,
And Thy salvation, all the day;
The number of Thy blessings swell
As I proceed along the way.

Now in the strength of God I'll go;
Thy righteousness, Thine, only Thine,
I in my daily walk will know;
My lips shall tell Thy works divine.

And now, O Lord, when whitened hair
Adorns my brow, forsake me not,
Till I Thy power shall declare
To those who have not for Thee sought.

Thy righteousness is high, O Lord,
Thou who hast wondrous marvels done:
Who, who can now with Thee accord,
Thou Lord Jehovah, Three in One.

Thou, who hast troubles, great and sore,
Shown unto me in seasons past,
Will quicken me, and life restore,
And raise me from the earth at last.

My greatness Thou'l increase yet more,
And comfort me on ev'ry side:
With harp, O Lord, I'll Thee adore;
Thy truth my tongue shall publish wide.

My lips shall laud Thee and rejoice,
My soul shall bless Thee in her song;
Yea, of Thy righteousness my voice
Shall utter praises all day long.

For Thou my foes confounded have,
Thou hast them brought into deep shame,
E'en those who didst against me rave,
And didst blaspheme Thy holy name.

PSALM 72

Give to the king Thy judgments, Lord,
Thy truth give to his son;
Thy people he shall rightly judge,
The rich and poor as one.

The mountains to the people shall
Bring truth, and joy, and peace;
The little hills, by righteousness,
Shall prosper and increase.

The poor of ev'ry age he'll judge;
The needy he will save;
Yea, he will soon in pieces brake
The people who enslave.

Thee shall they fear as long as doth
The sun and moon endure;
Throughout all generations shall
Thy sov'reignty be sure.

Yea, he shall come like rain upon
The grass, and it revive;
As showers wet the parchéd earth,
So will he make alive.

The righteous in his days shall reign,
And flourish, and increase,—
Long as endures the moon, shall last
His plentitude of peace.

Dominion, also, he shall have
From sea to distant sea;
Yea, from the utmost ends of earth
Shall his dominion be.

All they that in the wilderness
Do dwell, and humbly trust,
Bow down before him; while his foes,
Defeated, lick the dust.

The kings of all the distant isles,
Shall to him presents bring;
Yea, all shall serve him and fall down,
The people and their king.

For he'll deliver by his grace
The needy when he cries;
The poor, and those who seek his aid,
His bounty ne'er denies.

The poor and needy he will spare,
Their dying souls he'll save,
And precious in his sight shall be
Their dust within the grave.

And he shall live, and unto him
Shall Sheba's gold be given;
Prayer also shall be made for him
Among the hosts of Heaven.

A handful shall there be of corn
The mountain's top upon;
The fruit thereof, in after days,
Shall shake like Lebanon.

His name for ever shall endure,
Long as shall shine the sun;
All men shall favored be in him,
And all that he hath done.

Blest be the everlasting God,
The God of Israel,
Who only doeth wondrous things,
Who doeth all things well.

And blessed be His holy name
In all the earth, and then
Let earth and Heaven shout aloud
In one glad shout: Amen.

PSALM 73

The Lord is good to Israel,
To such as are of a clean heart;
But as for me, alas! my feet
Did almost from Thy ways depart.

For I was envious of the proud,
When I beheld their prosp'rous ways;
No bonds, I said, confine their death,
Their strength is firm through all their days.

They have not trouble for their guest,
Nor are they plagued as are the saints;
Pride, as a chain, encircles them,
No cause have they for sore complaints.

Their eyes with fatness standeth out,
They've more of earth than heart could crave;
Corrupt are they, and with their tongue
They do 'gainst earth and Heaven rave.

Therefore His people here return;
From cups o'er-flowing they shall drink:
The wicked say: How doth God know?
Does God upon His people think?

These are the people whom we see
To prosper in the world today;
In worldly riches they increase,
But wealth, ill gotten, will not stay.

I've cleansed my heart's iniquity,
And washed my hands, alas! in vain,
For all day long by sin I'm plagued—
How oft it doth within me reign!

If, in my weakness, I would say,
I will speak thus, and thus will do;
It would Thy children then offend,
Their welfare it would bar anew.

When this I learned, I musing, thought
It was too painful for my mind,
Until I did attend Thy courts,
And sought therein Thy truths to find.

In slipp'ry places Thou didst set
The wicked, and didst cast them down;
Yea, in a moment they are brought
To melt away beneath Thy frown.

As in a dream when one awakes,
So, Lord, when Thou awakest them,
Their boasted image Thou'l despise,
And all their works of pride condemn.

Thus was my heart so sorely grieved,
Thus was I pricked within my reins;
I foolish was, and ignorant,
E'en like a beast that roams the plains.

Yet, Lord, I ever am with Thee;
Thou hast me held by my right hand;
Thou shalt me with Thy counsel guide,
And lead me to the heavenly land.

Whom, whom have I in Heaven but Thee?
There's none on earth I so desire;
My heart, enraptured with Thy love,
Would cast her idols in the fire.

My flesh and spirit sink and fall,
But God's the strength of my weak heart;
For ever He my portion is,
Nor shall I from His love depart.

For lo! all they who wander far
From Thee shall perish by the way;
Yea, those who wandered from Thy love,
Thou didst in righteous anger slay.

But it is good for me to draw
Near to my God, His love to share;
In Him alone I've put my trust,
His wondrous works I will declare.

PSALM 74

Why hast Thou cast us off
Forever, O my God?
Why doth Thine anger burn?
Why chasten with Thy rod?

Remember now Thine own,
Purchased by Thee of old;
Thine own inheritance;
Oh! let it not be sold.

This mount, where Thou hast dwelt,
Dwell, Lord, forever there;
Turn from it all who sin;
Make it Thy temple fair.

E'en in Thy holy place,
Thine enemies do roar;
They flaunt their colors high,
Aloft their ensigns soar.

Men were, in olden times,
Honored who worked for Thee;
Yea, honored were the men
That felled the mighty tree,

And fashioned it to put
Within Thy temple fair;
But now, with ruthless hate,
They lay that temple bare.

Therein they fire cast,
And they delight have found,
In bringing low Thy house,
Yea, even to the ground.

They said within their hearts:
Let us them all destroy.
Thy synagogues they've burned,
And found in that a joy.

We see not, Lord, our signs;
No prophet have we now,
Nor any one who knows
Where we may dwell, or how.

How long, O Lord, how long,
Shall foes our land invade?
How long Thy name blaspheme?
How long Thy temple raid?

Oh! why withdraweth Thou
Thy saving, strong right hand?
Lord, bring it forth to help
Thy desolated land.

For Thou alone art King!
Thou ever wast of old;
The destinies of all,
Jehovah's hand doth hold.

Thou didst divide the sea
By Thine own power divine;
The fountain and the flood
Obeyed each word of Thine.

Thine is the sun-lit day,
And Thine the moon-lit night;
Thou hast them both prepared,
To give us needed light.

Yea, all the earth is Thine,
And all that therein dwell;
The seasons Thou hast made,
And they, O Lord, are well.

Remember that Thy foes
Have Thee oft-times reproached;
They have blasphemed Thy name,
And on Thy land encroached.

Deliver not to them
Thy saints that trust in Thee;
Forget not, Lord, Thy poor,
But their swift helper be.

Thy promises of old,
Remember, Lord, I pray;
For places dark hold men
Who would the godly slay.

Oh! let not the oppressed,
Return to be ashamed,
But may Thy praises be
By needy ones proclaimed.

Arise! O Lord, and plead
Thine own and righteous cause,
Amid the voice of those
That daily break Thy laws.

Forget not Thou the voice
Of those who Thee despise;
Their wrath against Thee doth
Increasingly arise.

PSALM 75

To Thee, O Lord, do we give thanks,
For we Thy mercies share;
And that Thy holy name is great,
Thy wondrous works declare.

When I Thy people shall receive,
I will right judgment give;
The earth and all therein dissolve;
In Thee alone we live.

I said unto the foolish ones:
Deal not thus foolishly;
And to the wicked: let not now
Your horn exalted be.

Oh! lift not up your horn on high,
Nor in rebellion speak,
For your promotion cometh not
From places that you seek.

God is the Judge of all the earth,
And one He putteth down;
Another one He setteth up
To wear the ruler's crown.

There is a cup in God's right hand;
The wine therein is red;
The dregs thereof the wicked drink,
Till they in sin are dead.

But I'll declare for evermore
Jehovah's wondrous name;
To Jacob's God I will sing praise,
And all His works proclaim.

The power of the wicked, I
Will hinder and cast down;
The righteous shall in power grow,
God will their efforts crown.

PSALM 76

In Judah God is known;
In Israel He reigns;
In Zion He doth have His throne;
In Salem, worship gains.

There He the arrows brake,
The sword, the shield, the bow;
Thou art more glorious and make,
More praise than prey brought low.

There the most brave are slain;
There they in heaps do sleep;
None of the mighty there can rise
From out that slumber deep.

At Thy rebuke, O Lord,
Both horse and rider fall;
They there obey Thy mighty word,
And hear Thy final call.

Thou, Lord, art to be praised;
Who in Thy sight may stand,
When Thy avenging hand is raised,
To desolate the land?

From Heaven Thou didst cause
Right judgment to be heard;
Because that men defied Thy laws,
Nor did esteem Thy word.

The earth feared and was still,
When God in judgment rose,
To save the meek, and then fulfill
His threats against their foes.

Surely the wrath of man
Shall to Thee praises gain;
And the remainder Thou wilt span,
And there its strength restrain.

Vow, ye, unto the Lord;
To God your tributes pay;
Let all bring gifts with one accord,
On that auspicious day.

God shall in wrath cut off
The princes of the earth;
He angry is at those who scoff,
And at His laws make mirth.

PSALM 77

Unto the Lord I cried
With trembling speech,
Nor was my prayer denied,
His ear to reach:
When I to grief was brought,
And there Jehovah sought,
The Lord forsook me not,—
Thus doth He teach.

My sore ran in the night,
And never ceased;
Grief did my comfort blight,
Sorrows increased;
Then thought I on the Lord,
I trembled at His word:
Relief He did afford,
And me released.

Wakeful are kept mine eyes,
Though sleep I seek;
Troubles so thickly rise
I cannot speak:

I have, amidst my tears,
Thought on departed years;
Yea, I recall my fears
When I was weak.

But I recalled to mind
 Songs in the night,
When God, so wondrous kind,
 Brought me delight;
And deep within my heart,
 Thoughts—from the world apart—
Caused suddenly to start
 Communings right.

Then did I reason thus:
 Will God forsake?
Nor longer favor us
 For His name's sake?
Is His grace from us gone?
 Will He leave us alone?
Nor for our sins atone?
 Nor our guilt take?

'Twas mine infirmity
 Thus to forget
What God hath done for me,
 And doeth yet:
But now I will recall,
 How God didst save us all,
When we did helpless fall,—
 Thus I'll reflect.

And I will think upon
 God's works so great;
And unto ev'ry one
 I'll them relate.

Thy way, O God, is in
The house Thy blood didst win—
Cleansed there from doubt and sin.
Thee we await.

Thou doest wonders still,
Lord God of truth;
Thou doest all Thy will
To man and youth.
Thou hast with Thine own arm,
Saved Thine, when in alarm,
From all impending harm,
And killing drouth.

The waters saw Thee, Lord,
And were afraid;
The depths at Thy great word,
Hast Thee obeyed:
From clouds descended rain;
Trees, rocks, were rent in twain;
Trembled the earth again,
Nor would be stayed.

Thy way is in the sea;
It Thou dost own;
It may in secret be,
And all unknown.
Thou didst Thy people lead,
And them with manna feed,—
E'en as Thou hadst decreed
In ages flown.

PSALM 78

Give heed, O people, to my law;
Unto my voice your ears incline;
In parables I will discourse,
And utter sayings dark, divine.

That which we long have heard and known,
That which our fathers have us told,
We will not from the children hide,
Nor from their knowledge it with-hold.

To generations yet unborn,
We will the praises of the Lord
Set forth; and all His wondrous works
To children's children will record.

For lo! established He a law
In Jacob and in Israel,
That fathers to their children should
The statutes of Jehovah tell.

That they might set their hopes on God,
And ne'er forget His works of old;
All His commandments gladly keep,
And in their hearts His precepts hold.

Not as their fathers might they be—
A stubborn and rebellious race—
A race whose heart, set not aright,
Turned from the ways of truth and grace.

Yea, Ephraim's children, armed with bows,
Turned back in battle from the foe;
They did not keep the law of God,
And in His way refused to go.

His works of love they soon forgot—
The wonders He had to them shown,
The marvelous deeds their fathers saw
In Egypt and the field of Zoan.

The sea divided He for them,
And safely led them through the deep;
He caused the surging waters thus
To stand a high, unyielding heap.

By day He led them by a cloud,
And all the night with light of fire:
He clave the rock, and lo! there flowed
A stream to quench each deep desire.

And yet, forgetful of His love,
They sinned against the Lord Most High,
And in their hearts they tempted Him;
For fleshly lusts began to sigh.

Yea, they against the Lord did speak,
And in derision proudly said:
Can God a banquet furnish here?
And in the wilds a table spread?

Behold He smote the rock afore,
And gushing streams o'er-flowed, they cried,
Can He give living bread as well,
And for His people flesh provide?

Jehovah heard those words of scorn,
And lo! His awful anger burned;
Because in Him they trusted not
Nor for salvation to Him turned.

Although the God, who rules o'er all,
The doors above had opened wide,
And manna gave for them to eat,
For them did angel's food provide.

He then an east wind caused to blow;
The south wind by His power fanned,
And feathered fowls around them fell,
Thick as the sea's unnumbered sand.

And in their camp, to their delight,
Did flesh in an abundance fall;
He gave to them their own desire,
He gave according to their call.

But while the meat was in their mouths,
His wrath and curse upon them came;
Disease and death the strongest slew,
And Israel was brought to shame.

Yet for all this, they still did sin,
Nor in His wondrous works believed;
In vanity their days were spent;
They trouble all their days received.

But when He slew them, Him they sought,
And kissed His kind, reproving rod;
Yea, they returned, and humbled thus,
Inquired early after God.

They called to mind, with softened heart,
That God their Fortress was, and Rock;
But still, they flattered with their mouth,
And with their tongue His love did mock.

Alas! their hearts were wrong with God,
Nor were they steadfast in their love;
Yet, He, O wondrous grace divine!
Viewed them in pity from above.

Yea, He His anger turned away,
Nor let His wrath against them rise,
For He remembered that they were
But flesh—a breath that quickly dies.

They in the desert grieved His love,
And into sore backsliding fell;
They tempted God, and limited
The Holy One of Israel.

His guiding hand they soon forgot;
Nor did they in remembrance hold,
The day when He delivered them
From out the clutch of captors bold.

The signs and wonders He had wrought
In Egypt by His servant's hand;
Where rivers were turned into blood,
And deep distress was on the land.

The elements His voice obeyed,
And rained down thunderbolts and hail,
Till fear and trembling seized the land,
And hearts of men began to fail.

He sent His angel forth and smote
The first-born son of high and low:
From serf to king a cry went up,
United in its tone of woe.

But for His own, He made a way
By which they all could safely walk;
In all their ways He was their guide;
He led them forth a ransomed flock.

The waters parted He, and lo!
They crossed the sea on solid ground;
He spake; and the Egyptians were
Beneath the surging billows drowned.

A sanctuary He prepared;
A holy, consecrated place,
Where smoked the incense on the fire,
As emblems of His saving grace.

He cast the heathen out, and made
A wealthy place where they might dwell,
E'en His own flock, beloved and blest,
The chosen tribes of Israel.

Still, tempted they the Lord Most High,
And from His law and counsel strayed;
They, like their fathers, turned aside,
To worship what their hands had made.

When God saw this, His anger rose
Against this highly favored tribe;
Their tabernacle He forsook,
Nor longer would with them reside.

He gave His people to the sword;
Yea, with His own His wrath waxed hot;
Their young men in the fire were burned,
Their maids were not in marriage sought.

Their priests, alas! fell by the sword,
Their widows made no sore complaint.
Then rose the Lord, as out of sleep,
And spake with voice no longer faint.

He smote the now retreating foes,
And put them to perpetual shame;
The tents of Joseph He refused,
Nor to the tents of Ephraim came.

But He the tribe of Judah chose;
The fair Mount Zion of His love
Established He, firm as the earth,
A house watched over from above.

His humble, faithful servant, God
Took from the sheep-folds in his youth,
And brought him forth, the tribes to feed,
And Israel lead in ways of truth.

So he them fed according to
The wisdom placed within his heart;
He guided them with skillful hands,
And did God's law to them impart.

PSALM 79

Alas! are come the heathen
To Thine inheritance;
They have defiled Thy temple,
And on Thy saints advance.
Jerusalem, Thy city,
They've laid in broken heaps;
Thy dead saints lie unburied,
Nor one above them weeps.

We have to those around us,
Become a constant scorn;
Reproach, alas! attends us
At evening time and morn.

How long, O Lord, in anger
Wilt Thou against us burn?
To us in our affliction,
Turn, Lord, in mercy turn.

Upon the heathen nations,
Pour out Thy wrath, O Lord;
On them that have not known Thee,
Draw Thine avenging sword,
For they've devoured Jacob,
Laid waste his dwelling place;
And all Thy people's honor
Have brought into disgrace.

Remember not against us
Our past iniquity,
But let Thy tender mercy
Around us ever be.
O God of our salvation!
Help us, and glory take;
Us from all sin deliver,
E'en for Thine own name's sake.

Why should the heathen, mocking,
Say: Where is now their God?
O Lord, make known Thy power
By Thine avenging rod.
Let now the weary sighing
Of those in bondage kept,
As prayers arise before Thee;
Keep, Thou, the tears they've wept.

Reproach the heathen nations,
As they've reproached Thee;
Into their bosom falling,
Let it as wormwood be:

So we, Thy chosen people,
E'en we, in joyful lays,
Will give Thee thanks for ever,
To all show forth Thy praise.

PSALM 80

Give ear, Jehovah Lord;
Thou that dost Joseph guide;
Shine forth, O Lord, who doth between
The cherubims abide.

Before Thy favored tribes,
Stir up Thy strength, O Lord;
Come Thou and help us in our need;
Thy saving grace afford.

Turn us again, O God,
And cause Thy face to shine;
Then shall we from our foes be saved,
Succored by help divine.

O Lord of Hosts, how long
Wilt Thou in anger be,
Against the prayer Thy people raise,
Jehovah God, to Thee?

Thou feedest them with bread
Moistened with bitter tears;
And tears are mingled with their drink
Throughout the passing years.

Thou makest us a strife
Unto our neighbors round;
Among our enemies, as well,
Derisive words resound.

Turn us again, O Lord,
And cause Thy face to shine;
Turn us and we shall then be saved,
Saved by Thy help divine.

Thou hast from Egypt brought
A vine of Thine own choice;
Thou hast prepared a place for it,
And caused it to rejoice.

Thou madest it to take
Deep root, and fill the land;
The hills are covered with its shade,
Its boughs did well expand.

Yea, it sent out its boughs
To the far distant sea;
Its branches to the river reached;
Its strength was like a tree.

Why hast Thou broken down
Its hedges, so that they
Do waste it and devour it,
That pass along its way?

Return, O Lord of Hosts!
Look down upon this vine;
Look down from Heaven, and behold;
Descend with help divine.

The vineyard which Thy hand
Hath planted, and the bough
That Thou hast for Thyself made strong,
Are desolated now.

Lord, let Thy hand be on
The man of Thy right hand;
The man who by Thy grace is strong
To serve Thee in the land.

So will we not go back,
Jehovah God, from Thee:
O quicken us! and we henceforth
Thy followers will be.

Turn us again, O Lord,
And cause Thy face to shine!
Then shall we from our foes be saved,
Saved by Thy help divine.

PSALM 81

To God our strength now sing,
And make a joyful noise;
Your harp and timbrel bring,
Him laud with thankful voice:
A psalm in your devotions take,
And sacred melodies awake.

The trumpet, in His praise,
Blow ye in the new moon;
And on our great feast days
Your hearts and lips attune:
This was a law for Israel,
A law of Jacob's God as well.

I heard in my distress,
With yearnings in its tone,
In Sinai's wilderness,
A language yet unknown;
But I, with my sin-darkened thought,
Its pity comprehended not.

His shoulder I removed
From burdens hard to bear;
His hands made free have proved
My ever watchful care:
Thus did the Lord, when by the hand,
He led His hosts from Egypt's land.

Thou didst in trouble call,
And I delivered thee;
The waters caused to fall
In fountains full and free:
O doubt no more my constant love!
At Meribah I did it prove.

My people now give ear,
And I will testify
To thee, if thou wilt hear,
And unto me draw nigh:
There shall no strange gods dwell in thee,
Nor to them shalt thou bow the knee.

I am the Lord Thy God,
Which brought thee safely out
From Egypt with my rod,
And with a joyful shout:
Open thy mouth, it will I fill,
If thou wilt do my holy will.

My people would not hear
My voice, nor Israel heed;
They hastened without fear
On wordly husks to feed:
O that my people had believed
On me and all my laws received.

Their enemies I would
 Have soon subdued and slain;
Against their foes I would
 Have turned my hand again;
All haters of the righteous God,
 Would then have bowed before His rod.

His own He would have led
 In paths secure and sweet;
And them He would have fed
 With choicest of His wheat;
Yea, from the honey-yielding rock,
 He would have satisfied His flock.

PSALM 82

Lo! within the congregation,
 Stands the Lord, our God Most High:
He among the gods now judgeth;
 None His wisdom can deny.
How long will ye judge unjustly?
 How long wicked men accept?
Now defend the poor and needy,
 And the fatherless protect.

Yea, the needy now deliver,
 Save them from the unjust hand,
For they know not of their danger,
 Neither will they understand.
Out of course are the foundations
 Of the earth, because of sin;
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
 Now the reign of grace begin.

I have said that ye are children
Of the Lord, our God Most High;
But ye all, like men, shall perish,
And like princes fall and die.
God, arise! and judge the nations,
Claim the earth, and dwell therein;
Thou all nations shalt inherit,
And them cleanse of ev'ry sin.

PSALM 83

Keep not Thou silence, O my God!
Hold not Thy peace, spare not Thy rod,
And be no longer still,
For lo! Thine enemies arise;
They evil unto Thee devise,
And scorn to do Thy will.

Thy saints they long have sought to harm;
They long have lifted up the arm,
Thy chosen to annoy;
Yea, they have said: Come, let us all
Fulfill at once our cherished call,
This nation to destroy.

So that the name of Israel
No wayfarer may longer tell,
Nor traveler may know.
Together they, with one consent,
Were then on our destruction bent,
And our last overthrow.

Lo! Edom doth against us rise,
And Moab's hosts confront our eyes,
And cast us in despair;

Yea, the Philistines join, and those
Who long have been our bitter foes,
Do meet us ev'rywhere.

Assur is also joined with them;
What power can their fury stem
But Thine, O Lord Most High?
Rout them as Thou, in times of old,
Didst rout the heathen that made bold
Thy children to defy.

Lord, may Thy vengeance overtake
Those who would us their captives make,
And would Thy name blaspheme;
Who said: Come let us snatch away
The houses of the Lord for prey.
This was their cherished dream.

Lord, make them fly, as flies the wind;
Let them no sure foundation find
On which to place their tents;
As flame the mountain sets on fire,
So, Lord, consume them in Thine ire,
As one who ne'er relents.

Let them be filled with contrite shame,
That they may also trust Thy name,
And for forgiveness call,
And men may know that Thou alone
Jehovah, art upon Thy throne,
And Sovereign over all.

PSALM 84

How amiable, O Lord,
Thy tabernacles are!
My soul doth long for them
When I am distant far:
My heart and flesh cry out in pain,
Till I an entrance there shall gain.

The sparrow there hath found
A house where she may rest;
The swallow there her young
Doth lay within her nest;
E'en on Thine altars, O my King,
They safely rest beneath her wing.

Thrice blest are they that dwell
Within Thy house, O Lord;
They'll still be praising Thee
In songs of sweet accord:
Blest is the man whose strength is found
In Thee, and whom Thou hedgest round.

Who passing through the vale
Of Baca, parched and dry,
Doth make of it a pool,
With showers from on high:
How cool and moist the once parched way!
Faint hearts, rejoicing, there would stay.

They go from strength to strength,
And all of them appear
Before the Lord their God,
Devoid of doubt and fear:
O Lord of Hosts, hear Thou my prayer!
Give ear, O God of Jacob, there.

Behold! O God, our shield,
And Thine anointed stay;
For here, within Thy courts,
I'd rather spend one day,
Than thousands in the tents of sin,
Where wickedness doth dwell within.

The Lord's a sun and shield;
The Lord gives grace untold;
To them that walk aright,
No good doth He withhold:
O Lord of Hosts, our portion be!
Blest is the man that trusts in Thee.

PSALM 85

Lord, Jehovah, Thou hast ever
Gracious been unto our land;
Egyptian bondage Thou didst sever
From Thy people by Thy hand;
Though they oft were prone to leave Thee,
Thou didst them their sins forgive;
Let them not henceforth deceive Thee,
Pardon them and let them live.

Turn us, God of our salvation!
Cause Thine anger now to cease!
Will Thy wrath in aggravation,
'Gainst Thy people still increase?
Wilt Thou not again revive us,
That we may in Thee rejoice?
Let Thy rod in mercy drive us
Soon in Thee to find our choice.

I will hear what God is speaking;
He will speak unto His saints;
While His righteousness they're seeking,
He will banish their complaints.
His salvation cometh surely
Unto such as fear His name,
They who for God's glory purely,
Do His saving grace proclaim.

Truth and mercy now commingle,
Righteousness and peace unite;
They whose love for God is single,
Worship Him in pure delight.
Truth from out the earth ascendeth,
Righteousness from Heaven comes down;
Blessings for the land ne'er endeth,
God shall all her efforts crown.

Yea, the Lord, with hand unsparing,
Shall bestow that which is good,
And His own, God's favor sharing,
Shall eat of the choicest food.
Righteousness shall go before him;
God will set him in the way,
And to perfect peace restore him,
In that glad, expectant day.

PSALM 86

O Lord, my God, bow down Thine ear;
Hear me, for I am poor;
Preserve my soul, dispel my fear;
My fainting heart restore.

Jehovah God, Thy servant save,
That puts his trust in Thee;
Be merciful to me; I crave
Salvation full and free.

Thy servant's soul make to rejoice,
For unto Thee I cry;
Hear Thou my weak and falt'ring voice,
And unto me draw nigh.

For Thou, O Lord, art ever good
And ready to forgive;
Thy mercy hath at all times stood—
'Tis by Thy grace we live.

Give ear, O Lord, unto my prayer,
Unto my voice attend;
In troublous days I'll seek Thee there;
Thou wilt deliv'rance send.

Among the gods, none doth compare
With Thee, O Lord, our God;
They all do earthly weakness share,
And fall beneath Thy rod.

All nations that Thou didst create,
Thy power shall proclaim;
They'll worship Thee with hearts elate,
And glorify Thy name.

For Thou art great, Jehovah God,
And doest wondrous things;
Thine own Thou leadest by Thy rod,
And hidest 'neath Thy wings.

Teach me Thy way, and make it clear,
And I will walk therein;
Incline my heart Thy name to fear,
And keep my soul from sin.

Thee will I praise! and Thee adore,
Henceforth with all my heart;
Thy name I'll praise for evermore,
And Thy great love impart.

For great Thy mercy is to me;
Thou hast my soul redeemed;
Thou hast from evil set me free,
When hell about me gleamed.

O Lord, the proud are risen now
Against me, to destroy;
They who would not before Thee bow,
Search for me to annoy.

But, Thou, O Lord, art full of grace,
Long suffering and kind
To those who humbly seek Thy face,
And search, Thy truth to find.

Turn unto me and mercy show;
Give to Thy servant strength;
Salvation, Lord, on me bestow,
And give me joy at length.

Show me a token now for good,
That all my foes may see;
Let it be clearly understood
That Thou didst comfort me.

PSALM 87

Thy church, O God, rests on the holy mountain;
Secure it stands against besieging foes;
From out her springs an ever living fountain,
Which into streams of rich salvation flows.

Jehovah loveth well the gates of Zion;
Yea, more than all the dwellings of the tribes,
For out of them there comes a holy scion
More glorious than the tongue of man describes.

What peoples, cities, countries, I would mention,
Were by thee from their idol worship torn;
What multitudes to thee gave their attention,
And who into the kingdom there were born.

Of Zion, it shall there be said with gladness,
This man, and that, were born within her walls:
There they shall peaceful be, devoid of sadness,
Who thither go when God, the Highest, calls.

The Lord shall count, when He His people writeth,
That this and that redeemed one was born there;
And music that the list'ning ear delighteth,
Each one of them shall in that city share.

O stream of life! O river of salvation!
Let now mine eyes thy sacred waters see;
And let me drink thereof with soul elation—
Lord, may my springs be ever found in Thee.

PSALM 88

O Lord God of my salvation,
Day and night I've cried to Thee;
Turn from me Thine indignation;
Let my prayer accepted be,
For my soul is full of trouble,
And my life draws near the grave;
Give to me a portion double—
Me from sin and sorrow save.

As a lost one I am counted,
As a man that has no strength;
No memorial shall be mounted,
There to mark my grave at length.
Thou hast laid me in the lowest
Depths of grief that can assail,
For my soul Thine anger knoweth
As I enter grief's dark vale.

Mine acquaintance—best beloved—
Thou hast put away from me;
Yea, Thou hast me far removéd
From the friends I long to see.
Day and night my spirit mourneth,
And I stretch my hands to Thee;
Save me, Lord, from him that scorneth;
Unto me a ransom be.

Wilt Thou to the dead show wonders?
Shall the dead arise and praise?
Lo! the grave each earth-tie sunders,
With it ends our mortal days,
Shall, O Lord, Thy loving-kindness
Be declared within the grave?
Or relief from sin's dark blindness,
Can we in destruction have?

Shall the wonders of Thy dealings
In the darksome tomb be known?
Shall Thy truth, on wings of healing,
In the realm of death be shown?
But to Thee have I, with weeping,
Daily prayed aloud, O Lord,
Prayed I still while night came creeping,
That Thou wouldest me help afford.

Lord, why hast Thou in Thine anger
Cast me far away from Thee?
Why dost Thou in times of danger
Hide Thy longed-for face from me?
From my youth I've been afflicted,
Oft I've ready been to die;
Failures have my hopes restricted;
Terrors dark around me lie.

Thy fierce wrath me goeth over,
And Thy terrors cut me off;
They, like water, do me cover,
While my foes against me scoff.
In my grief Thou hast bereft me
Of my dearest earthly friends;
They, 'mid darkness deep, have left me;
None to me a message sends.

PSALM 89

Of all Thy tender mercies, Lord,
I will forever sing;
The tidings of Thy faithfulness,
I will to others bring.

Thy mercy everlasting is;
Thy faithfulness shall stand,
Established in the heavens high,
By Thy almighty hand.

A covenant of grace I made
With all my chosen ones;
An everlasting throne I built
For David and his sons.

The heavens shall Thy wonders praise,
O Lord of hosts above,
And the assembly of the saints
Thy faithfulness shall prove.

For who in Heaven can be compared
Unto the Lord Most High?
Or who among the mighty can
With Him in glory vie?

Our Lord is greatly to be feared,
Where saints do congregate;
And to be held in reverence
By those that on Him wait.

In all the universe, O Lord,
Who is there strong like Thee?
Compared with all Thy faithfulness,
Who can as faithful be?

The raging of the ocean deep,
Thou rulest by Thy will;
The wildest waves are calm when'er
Thou biddest them be still.

Thou hast proud Rahab taken thus,
E'en as a strong one slain;
Thine enemies, with Thy strong arm,
Thou hast dispersed again.

The heavens and earth are Thine, O Lord,
The world and all therein;
Thou didst them found, soon may they all
Their songs of praise begin.

The north and south Thou hast, O Lord,
Created by Thy voice;
Bald Tabor's height, and Hermon's mount,
Shall in Thy name rejoice.

Thou hast, O Lord, a mighty arm,
A strong and high right hand;
What king is there but Thee, who can
Redeem and save the land?

Justice and judgment dwell within
Thy throne of saving grace;
Mercy and truth shall go before
Thy gracious heavenly face.

How happy are all they who know
Salvation's joyful sound!
They all shall walk within Thy light
Who in Thy ways are found.

Yea, in Thy name shall they rejoice
Increasingly each day,
And in Thy ways of righteousness,
Shall they delight to stay.

Thou art the glory of their strength,
O mighty God of praise!
And in Thy favor shall our horn
Exalted be always.

For God, the Lord, is our defence,
Of Him aloud we sing;
The holy One of Jacob is
Our everlasting king.

There, in a vision Thou didst speak:
Lo! I laid hold on one,
Exalted high and powerful,
Who hath my favor won.

My servant David I have found,
And oil on him have poured;
My hand shall ever be with him,
I shall him strength afford.

The enemy shall not exact
On him in any wise;
His foes I surely will beat down,
And plague before his eyes.

My faithfulness shall be with him,
My mercy he shall see,
And in my name exalted shall
His horn forever be.

In waters I will set his hand,
And he aloud shall cry:
The Rock of my salvation is
Jehovah, God on High.

My son I will him make; his throne
Shall on the earth be sure;
My mercy will I keep for him,
My cov'nant shall endure.

His seed will I continue still;
Unmoved shall stand his throne.
But if his children break my laws,
My sov'reignty disown;

If they my holy statutes break,
Then I, their sov'reign God,
Will visit their transgressions with
My sharp correcting rod.

But I my lovingkindness will
Not utterly remove;
And ev'ry promise I have made,
A faithful one shall prove.

Each promise with him I will keep,
Nor change a single word;
I shall not ever falsely speak
To David, saith the Lord.

His seed forever shall endure;
His throne before me stands,
Bright as the sun and moon, whose beams
Light the most distant lands.

But, Lord, Thou hast cut off from Thee
Thine own anointed king;
Thy promise hast withheld, and Thou
Didst him to sorrow bring.

His hedges Thou hast broken down,
His strongholds overthrown;
All spoil him that pass by the way;
As a reproach he's known.

And of his foes, Thou hast, O Lord,
Set up their strong right hand;
Thy servant's sword is turned, nor can
He in the battle stand.

His glory Thou hast made to cease,
His throne cast to the ground;
His youth is shortened, and Thou hast
With shame him wrapped around.

How long, O Lord! wilt Thou in wrath
Thyself forever hide?
Remember, Lord, how short the time
That I may here abide.

Why hast Thou made all men in vain?
What man shall not see death?
Who from the grave may save his soul,
When gone life's feeble breath?

Thy former loving kindnesses,
O where may they be found?
Remember the reproach, O Lord,
With which I now am bound.

Yea, the reproach Thy foes and mine
Have cast on me again—
Blest be the Lord for evermore;
Amen; and yet, Amen.

PSALM 90

Thou hast been our place of dwelling,
 Lord, in generations past,
E'er were formed the lofty mountains,
 Or the ocean's bounds made fast.
Thou art God from everlasting,
 And forever Thou shalt be:
Man Thou turnest to destruction,
 Seeking his return to Thee.

For a thousand years in passing,
 As a day are in Thy sight;
Yea, to Thee they pass as quickly
 As doth pass a watch at night;
As a rushing flood they vanish,
 Or as time flies by in sleep;
Or like grass, which quickly groweth,
 Dying while the mowers reap.

In the morning it doth florish,
 Cov'ring all the place around,
But when come the shades of evening,
 Lo! it withers on the ground.
Lord, we're awed by Thy fierce anger,
 By Thy wrath we troubled are;
Thou hast set our sins before Thee,
 Thou hast cut us off afar.

For our days on earth pass swiftly—
 Mortal man cannot them hold—
And the longest years slip from us
 As a tale that's quickly told.
All our days on earth when numbered,
 Are but three score years and ten;
If by strength they should be four score,
 Yet, they're but a handbreadth then.

Of the power of Thine anger,
Who can know, O Lord, our God?
E'en according to Thine anger,
So is found Thy chast'ning rod.
Teach us, Lord, our days to number,
That we may our hearts apply
Unto wisdom, Thy way seeking,
Now while Thou art passing by.

Lord, return and meet Thy servants;
Let us hear Thy pard'ning voice;
Satisfy us with Thy mercy,
That we may in Thee rejoice;
Make us glad, O Lord, according
To the days we suffered pain,
In the years, so full of evil,
When we seemed to work in vain.

Let Thy work unto Thy servants
Now, O Lord, our God appear;
And Thy glory to their children,
May it unto them draw near;
Let Thy glory be upon us,
And our work, establish Thou;
Yea, our work, O Lord, establish,
While we now before Thee bow.

PSALM 91

He that dwelleth in the place
Of the Lord, our God Most High,
Shall be conscious of His grace,
And shall feel His presence nigh.
I will say of God, the Lord,
He my refuge is and strength;
He will help to me afford,
And the victory give at length.

Surely He'll deliver thee
From the fowler's hurtful snare;
And when plagues thine eye shalt see,
His protection thou shalt share;
'Neath His feathers He will hide
Thee in a protection sure;
'Neath His wings thou shalt abide,
Able all things to endure.

Thou shalt not in darkness fear,
Nor in terror be at night;
When the arrow passeth near,
It shall miss thee in its flight;
Of the pestilence shalt thou
Have no fear when dark the moon,
Nor before destruction bow,
When it would thee waste at noon.

Yea, a thousand at thy side,
Shall into destruction fall;
And ten thousand that deride
Thee, shall answer death's swift call;
But thou shalt escape the sword
Only with thine eyes behold,
What shall be the just reward
Of vile men, defiant, bold.

Lo! because thy soul hath made
The Almighty thy defence,
There'll no plague on thee be laid,
Evil shall be driven hence;
For He shall His angels charge,
Thee to keep in all thy ways;
They shall all thy path enlarge,
And protect thee all thy days.

Thou shalt on the lion tread;
On the adder place thy feet;
Yea, thy soul shall have no dread
When thou dost the dragon meet.
'Tis because his soul is set
On me, that I him defend,
And will lift to honor yet,
And will keep unto the end.

When in prayer he calls on me,
I will haste to answer him;
My salvation shall he see,
When his earthly hopes grow dim;
I his soul will satisfy
With long life, and to him show
My salvation; and mine eye
Shall attend him here below.

PSALM 92

My soul, 'tis good to give
Thanks to Thee, God of love;
And praises sing unto Thy name,
And all Thy goodness prove.

Thy lovingkindness show
In the bright morning light,
And all Thy faithfulness declare
When fall the shades of night.

Upon an instrument
Of strings may there be found
Sweet music, and upon the harp
With deep and solemn sound.

For Thou, O Lord, hast made
Me glad to sing Thy praise:
I'll triumph in Thy wondrous works
Through all my coming days.

O Lord, how great Thy works!
How deep Thine ev'ry thought!
A foolish man can never know
What they have for us wrought.

When wicked men spring up—
As doth the early grass—
It is that they shall from their place
To swift destruction pass.

But Thou, Jehovah Lord,
Art high for evermore;
Thy foes shall all be scattered far
On death's relentless shore.

Lord, Thou wilt lift my horn,
And it exalt on high;
My head with oil Thou wilt anoint,
While foes shall helpless lie.

The righteous, they shall grow,
As grows the tall palm tree;
As cedars grow in Lebanon,
So shall their branches be.

Those that are planted well
Within Thy house, O Lord,
Shall flourish in the courts of God,
According to His word.

And they shall still bring forth
Ripe fruit in their last days;
They shall be ever flourishing
Along the heavenly ways.

They'll show that God is true,
Upright, and wise, and just:
He is my Rock, my Strength, my Hope;
In Him I'll ever trust.

PSALM 93

God, the Lord, forever reigneth;
He is clothed with majesty;
He is clothed with strength and honor;
He doth rule o'er land and sea.
He the world hath well established,
That it cannot be removed;
Lord, Thou art from everlasting—
This Thy wondrous works have proved.

Lo! the floods their voice have lifted,
And the waves a tumult make;
But the Lord on high is greater,
He control o'er them doth take.
Sure are all Thy testimonies,
They with righteousness accord;
Holiness Thy house becometh,
Now, and evermore, O Lord.

PSALM 94

O Lord Jehovah, unto whom
All vengeance doth belong,
Regard with pity our estate,
And show Thyself most strong.

Lift up Thyself, Thou Judge of all;
The wayward, proud, remand;
How long shall wicked men, O Lord,
Triumph throughout the land?

How long shall they, with utt'rance bold,
Speak hard and bitter things?
And they that work iniquity,
To boastful words give wings?

Thy flock they into pieces break,
And scourge Thine heritage;
The widow and the orphan slay
In their unholy rage.

And yet they say—mistaken hope—
Jehovah will not see;
The God of Jacob on His throne
Will not regardful be.

Ye fools! when will ye be more wise?
Lo! He that made the ear,
Shall He not mark your scornful words,
And your revilings hear?

And He that formed the eye, shall He
Not all thine evil know?
The Lord above in anger looks
On sinful deeds below.

O shall not He correct, who doth
The heathen tribes chastise?
And He that knowledge shows to man,
Shall He not well advise?

The Lord doth know the thoughts of all,
That they are vanity;
Blest is the man whom God rebukes,
And His law makes to see.

That Thou mayst give him rest from all
The days of sore dismay;
Until the pit be digged when Thou
The wicked soon will slay.

The Lord will not cast off His own,
Nor from His flock depart;
But righteous judgment shall return
To the upright in heart.

Against the evil doers, who
Will now for me arise?
Or who stand up for me against
The publisher of lies?

Unless the Lord had been my help,
Sore grief had been my cup;
When I in slipp'ry paths did walk,
Thy mercy held me up.

In all the multitude of thoughts
That o'er me surging roll,
Thy comforts, Lord, within me dwell,
And they delight my soul.

Shall they that work iniquity
Have fellowship with Thee?
'Gainst righteous men they set themselves,
And would their judges be.

But sure the Lord is my defence,
Jehovah is my Rock;
My place of refuge is my God,
While unbelievers mock.

The Lord shall surely bring on them
Their own iniquity;
In all their sins they'll be cut off;
Death shall their portion be.

PSALM 95

Come ye saints, and lift your voices,
Sing aloud unto the Lord;
Come while ev'ry heart rejoices,
Sing His praise with one accord;
To the Rock of our salvation,
Let us make a joyful noise—
Look, my soul, with expectation,
And recount with praise thy joys.

Let us meet Him with thanksgiving;
Make a joyful noise with psalms;
Great is He among the living,
Spread His pathway now with palms.
Lo! the hills and the deep places
Of the earth are in His hand;
All the sea His knowledge traces,
It He made and the dry land.

Come, O come, and let us, kneeling,
Worship now our Lord and King;
Banish each unholy feeling;
Sacrifices to Him bring;
For He is the Lord and Savior
Of His chosen, cherished band;
We, the people of His favor,
Are the sheep of His right hand.

If you hear an interceding
Voice today within your soul,
List, it is the Spirit, pleading,
Yearning now to make you whole;
Then, O stifle not the feeling—
As the tempted did of old—
But with hands out-stretched for healing,
To His loving promise hold.

Forty years my heart was grievéd
With this people, said the Lord:
They have not on me believéd,
Nor have known my Sacred Word;
Unto whom I sware in anger
That they should not gain my rest:
Guide us safely through all danger;
Give to us Thy rich bequest.

PSALM 96

Come, let us sing unto the Lord;
Sing all the earth with one accord,
And Him obey;
Sing to the Lord and bless His name,
His free salvation now proclaim
From day to day.

To heathen tribes His name declare,
Let them His grace and glory share
And wonders see;
The Lord is great and to be praised,
Above all gods His power is raised,
Feared let Him be.

The gods of all the heathen lands
Are idols, made by their own hands
 From wood and stone;
The Lord the earth and heavens made,
Honor and majesty are laid
 On Him alone.

Give unto Him exalted praise,
Unto Him strength and glory raise;
 An off'ring bring
Into His courts; with fervent joy
His graces let your tongues employ,
 His praise to sing.

Let all the people serve with fear,
And say to unbelievers near:
 Our Lord doth reign.
Let all the fields be joyful too;
Let all the trees their praise renew,
 And vigor gain.

He cometh, yea, He cometh now,
To judge the earth; before Him bow,
 And Him believe;
He'll judge the world with righteousness,
And He with truth His own will bless,
 And them receive.

PSALM 97

The Lord Jehovah reigneth still;
 Let all the earth rejoice,
And let the islands of the sea
 Praise with united voice.

The clouds and darkness gather thick
About Him and His own,
But righteousness and judgment stand,
Secure upon His throne.

A fire doth before Him go,
And burneth up His foes;
His lightnings hath the world beheld,
And trembled at His blows.

The hills, like wax, have melted at
The presence of the Lord;
The heavens declare His righteousness;
His glory, saints record.

Confused be all of them that serve
Dumb images of stone;
That boast of idols; turn from them,
And serve the Lord alone.

Because of Thy right judgments, Lord,
Fair Zion then was glad;
And Judah's daughters all rejoiced,
Who had afore been sad.

For high above the earth art Thou,
Jehovah, Triune God,
And all the sordid things of earth
Must bow before Thy rod.

Ye that do love the Lord aright,
All sin and evil hate;
The Lord preserves the souls of them
That do upon Him wait.

A light is to the righteous given,
A light to show the way;
And gladness for the pure in heart,
Their portion is each day.

Ye righteous, now look up and sing,
And in the Lord rejoice;
Give thanks for all His holiness,
With glad united voice.

PSALM 98

Unto the Lord sing a new song;
High praises do to Him belong
For all that He hath done;
His mighty arm and His right hand
Hath vict'ry gained throughout the land,
And our redemption won.

The Lord hath made His power known,
His righteousness to all hath shown
By His unerring rod;
Yea, openly, before the sight
Of heathen tribes, by sacred right,
He proved that He was God.

His goodness He remembered well
Toward the house of Israel
When they oft went astray;
All earth hath seen His matchless grace
Toward His guilty, fallen race,
That He did not them slay.

A joyful noise and sacred mirth
Make to the Lord of all the earth;
Rejoice! and sing His praise;
With instruments, and with the voice,
Before the Lord, our King, rejoice,
And hallelujahs raise.

Yea, let the sea in gladness roar;
The earth, let it the Lord adore,
And they that therein dwell;
Let all the waters clap their hands,
And let the hills in all the lands
The sacred anthem swell.

Let all rejoice before the Lord,
For He hath given His sacred word
That He their Judge will be;
With righteousness will judge the world—
The deeds of all shall be unfurled,
And judged with equity.

PSALM 99

The Lord doth reign supreme;
Let all the people fear;
Between the cherubims He sits,
Let all the earth draw near.

The Lord is great in Zion,
Above all people high;
O let them praise Thy holy name,
With reverence draw nigh.

The King's strength also loves
In judgment wise to bless;
He doth establish equity.
And truth, and righteousness.

Exalt ye now the Lord,
And worship at His feet,
For He is holy, and His love
Is boundless and complete.

Moses and Aaron stood,
To call upon His name;
Jehovah heard, and answered them,
You will He hear the same.

From out the pillar He
Spoke to them on the way;
His testimonies they did keep;
His laws observed each day.

Yea, Thou didst answer them,
O Lord, our God, most true!
And pardoned them, but didst rebuke
All their inventions new.

Exalt the Lord our God!
Seek ye His sacred hill;
Worship and honor Him, ye saints,
Obey His holy will.

PSALM 100

Sing to the Lord with glad acclaim;
Ye lands, exalt His holy name;
Him serve with gladness, and rejoice
Before Him with united voice.

Know ye the Lord that He is God;
'Tis He that made us; and His rod
Doth lead us where sweet pasture grows,
And doth protect us from our foes.

Enter His gates and courts with joy;
With sacred praise your tongues employ;
Give thanks and bless His name always;
With cheerful hearts your voices raise.

For know, the Lord our God is good;
His mercy hath forever stood;
His truth and holiness are sure,
And shall from age to age endure.

PSALM 101

Of mercy and of judgment I will sing
To Thee, O Lord, my everlasting King;
I wisely will conduct myself each day,
And strive to walk within a perfect way.

When wilt Thou come to me and grace impart?
'Tis then I'll serve Thee with a perfect heart;
Nor evil shall I covet with mine eyes;
And evil that men do, I shall despise.

A froward heart shall quickly from me go;
A wicked person I'll no longer know;
He that his friend doth slander in the dark,
Him I'll cut off, and each high look I'll mark.

Mine eyes shall see the faithful of the land,
That they may safely dwell at my right hand;
He that doth walk within a perfect way,
Shall serve me, and within my household stay.

But he that works deceit and telleth lies,
All favor unto such the king denies;
The king can not in any such delight;
They shall no longer tarry in his sight.

The wicked of the land, I will destroy;
They shall no more be kept in my employ;
And thus I'll rid the land of evil men,
And make once more God's city pure. Amen.

PSALM 102

Hear my prayer, O Lord Jehovah,
Let my cry come unto Thee;
In the day when I'm in trouble,
Hide not then Thy face from me;
Lord, incline Thine ear unto me,
And my prayer to Thee inspire;
Answer, Lord, my soul's entreaty,
For I burn amid the fire.

Lo! my heart is sore with anguish,
It is withered like the grass,
So that I forget my table,
And my blessings as they pass;
And by reason of my groaning,
All my bones cleave to my skin;
Like the birds that lonely wander,
Is my troubled soul within.

I am like the lonely sparrow
On the house-top watching there;
All day long my foes reproach me,
They in wrath upon me stare;
For like bread I've eaten ashes,
And 'mid tears have held my cup;
For Thy righteous wrath hath felled me,
Whom Thy love had lifted up.

Now my days are like a shadow
That seems changing into night;
Like the grass my hopes are withered;
Vanished is each fond delight.
But O Lord, I still remember,
Thou for ever shall endure,
And Thy tokens of remembrance,
Are to coming ages sure.

Lord, Thou wilt arise for Zion,
And Thy mercy on her pour;
For the time to show her favor,
Now is come as ne'er before;
For Thy servants all take pleasure
In her stones, to build her walls;
At Thy name the heathen tremble,
It the kings of earth appalls.

When the Lord shall build up Zion,
In His glory He'll appear,
And the lowliest petition
Of the destitute will hear.
This, for coming generations,
Shall be written in His word,
That His own, not yet created,
In their time shall serve the Lord.

From the highest heights of Heaven,
Did the Lord the earth behold;
Heard the groaning of the captive,
Did the bands of death unfold;
Showed the name of God in Zion,
And in Zion showed His praise,
When His own of ev'ry kingdom
Shall Him serve in later days.

In the way my strength He weakened,
Till I cried amid my tears:
Call me not away, nor shorten
Thus my few allotted years.
Thou of old laid the foundation
Of the earth, that it might stand;
And the countless stars of heaven,
Thou hast fashioned with Thy hand.

Thou'l endure, but they shall perish;
All their course shall be deranged;
As a vesture Thou shalt change them,
And they surely shall be changed;
But Thou art the same forever,
And Thy years shall have no end:
All the coming generations
Shall before Thy scepter bend.

PSALM 103

O bless the Lord, my grateful soul;
And all within my frame—
My heart, my mind, my strength, my all—
Unite to bless His name.

O bless the Lord, my grateful soul!
His benefits recall,
For He forgiveth all thy sins,
Heals thy diseases all.

From death redeemeth thy frail life,
Yea, crowneth thee with love,
And lets His tender mercies fall
Upon thee from above.

He, who thy mouth doth satisfy
With good and bounteous things,
So that thy vigor is renewed
To mount on eagle's wings.

He righteousness and judgment metes
To all that are oppressed;
To Moses He His ways made known,
His mighty acts confessed.

He merciful and gracious is;
To anger He is slow;
He will not always chide; but we
His pard'ning grace shall know.

He hath not dealt with us as did
Our many sins deserve;
Nor for our gross iniquities
Full punishment reserve.

As far as does the heavenly world
Above the earthly rise,
So great His mercies are to His;
No blessing He denies.

As far as is the east removed
From the most distant west,
So far our wanderings doth He
Forgive at our request.

Like as a father pitieh
His children, ever dear,
So doth Jehovah pity them
That worship Him in fear.

For He our frame doth fully know,
Remembereth we are dust;
Perfection's not expected by
A God so wise and just.

The days of man are as the grass;
Or as the opening flower;
A little while he flourisheth,
Then fadeth in an hour.

For the kind mercy of the Lord,
From everlasting is;
To everlasting 'twill descend
On children that are His.

On such as keep His covenant,
And His commandments true,
The mercies of the Lord shall fall,
As falls the early dew.

In Heaven hath the Lord prepared
His everlasting throne;
His kingdom over all doth rule;
All nations are His own.

Ye angels that excel in strength,
That hearken to His word,
That joy to do His least commands,
Bless ye the gracious Lord.

O bless the Lord, ye heavenly hosts,
That do the saints attend,
And fly with blessings on your wings
To whom He doth thee send.

All works of His in ev'ry place,
Bless ye the Lord always:
And bless the Lord, my grateful soul,
Through all thy coming days.

PSALM 104

My soul, bless thou the Lord!
Jehovah, Thou art great;
With honor Thou art clothed,
And rich is Thy estate.

Who coverest Thyself
With light, as with a robe;
Who stretchest out the heavens,
A vail across the globe.

Whose beams in waters deep,
A sure foundation find;
Who rides upon the clouds,
And walks upon the wind.

His angels spirits are
To do His holy will;
His ministers, a fire
His message to fulfill.

Lord, Thou didst form the earth,
That it should not be moved;
The wonders Thou hast done,
In countless ways are proved.

The earth Thou didst submerge
In rushing waters deep;
And silence reigned o'er all,
Like nature lost in sleep.

The waters heard Thy voice;
At Thy rebuke they fled;
In rivers and in streams
They went where they were led.

Thou didst their channels form,
And set for them a bound;
So that the earth may not
Again by them be drowned.

Thou sendest forth the springs
Among the valleys green;
Their waters, flowing clear,
Among the hills are seen.

The beasts of ev'ry kind
Quench there their ardent thirst,
And quiet lie near where
The cooling waters burst.

Thou waterest the hills
From Thy abundant store;
The earth is satisfied,
Nor parched is as before.

That cattle may be fed,
God makes the grass to spring;
And herbs and roots for man,
He from the ground doth bring.

And olive oil that makes
The face of man to shine;
And bread to strengthen him,—
All these are gifts divine.

The trees are full of sap,—
Trees God hath planted there;
In them the birds make nests,
Their music fills the air.

The hills a refuge are
For all the goats untamed;
The conies, 'mong the rocks,
A resting place have claimed.

The seasons He hath set,
The moon doth wax and wane;
The sun goes down, but morn
Brings brilliance in its train.

When shades of night appear,
The beasts of prey come out,
And in their quest for food,
Prowl searchingly about.

But when the sun comes forth,
They hasten them away,
And in their hidden dens
Sleep through the brilliant day.

Man—in God's image made—
Doth labor in the light;
He through the day doth work,
And seeks his rest at night.

O Lord, how manifold
Thy wondrous works appear!
In wisdom Thou hast made
These marvels far and near.

The earth, O Lord, is full
Of all Thy riches rare;
The sea her treasures gives
In a collection fair.

And thither go the ships,
In waters rough or clear;
The great leviathan
Plays there without a fear.

These all do wait on Thee,
That Thou mayst give them meat;
Thou openest Thy hand,—
With gratitude they eat.

Thou hidest then Thy face,
And they in trouble lie,
Thou takest then their breath,
And they in silence die.

Thy spirit Thou dost send;
They're recreated then:
The face of all the earth
Thou dost renew again.

The glory of the Lord
Forever shall endure;
The works that He hath made,
Are perfect works and pure.

He looked upon the earth,
It trembled when He spoke;
He touched the hills, and they
Emitted flame and smoke.

I'll sing unto the Lord
As long as I shall live;
And praises to my God,
While life remains, I'll give.

My thoughts of Him shall be
Most grateful and most sweet;
In Him I shall be glad
And worship at His feet.

Let sinners be consumed;
Consumed be wicked men,
But Thou, my soul, bless God:
Praise ye the Lord. Amen.

PSALM 105

Give thanks unto the Lord,
And call upon His name;
Make known His mighty works,
And all His deeds proclaim;
Sing unto Him, in anthems sing,
Accounts of all His marvels bring.

In His great name give praise,
And let each heart rejoice;
All ye that seek the Lord,
Praise Him with thankful voice:
Seek ye the Lord, and Him adore;
Seek ye the Lord for evermore.

His wondrous works recall,
The marvels He hath done;
The judgments of His mouth,
Recount them one by one:
O seed of Abraham, make known
The strange right way He led His own.

He is the Lord, our God;
His judgments wise prevail;
His covenant He keeps,
Naught can its truth assail;
The Lord shall it remember well,
Of it shall Jacob's children tell.

The covenant He made
With our forefathers there,
Affirming that each one
Should have his rightful share,
And said: To thee I give this land,
As your inheritance 'twill stand.

They few in numbers were,
They strangers were, and weak;
They were compelled at times
A home elsewhere to seek;
Yea, in a nation far removed,
The faith of Jacob's seed was proved.

God suffered then no man
To do His people harm;
Yea, kings the Lord rebuked,
And brake their lifted arm:
Touch not My children, said the Lord,
Nor 'gainst My prophets lift the sword.

God called a famine down
Upon the stricken land;
He brake the staff of life
By His reproving hand;
But one—a brother—went before,
And opened wide a garnered store.

This brother had been sold
To Egypt as a slave,
And was in prison cast,
As in a living grave,
And languished there for months and years,
A victim held by doubts and fears.

At last, the full time came
That he should be set free;
And Egypt's king gave word
That he would Joseph see:
He made him ruler of the land,
And gave the laws into his hand.

Then, Jacob, also, came
To Egypt and remained;
His people, God increased,
His favor, they retained:
He made them stronger than their foes,
Who, in their wrath, against them rose.

Jehovah Moses sent,
To be their help and guide;
At God's command he came,
With Aaron, to reside:
They showed God's signs to Pharaoh,
That he should let His people go.

He darkness sent and made
The land a midnight hue;
The waters turned to blood;
The fish in them He slew;
Frogs in abundance He did bring,
E'en to the chamber of the king.

He spake, and there came flies;
Lice did the coasts invade;
He gave them hail for rain,
And flames of fire made;
He smote their fig trees and their vines,
And brake the trees, in these great signs.

He spake, and locusts came,
In numbers great were found;
They all the herbs and fruit
Devoured off the ground;
He also smote all the first-born,
And hearts with grief were crushed and torn.

His people He brought forth
With silver and with gold;
No one was feeble there,
None was there that seemed old:
Egypt them hasted on their way;
They feared to have them longer stay.

God o'er His people spread
A cloud throughout the day;
At night a flame of fire
Led them upon the way:
Dissatisfied, they asked for meat,
And quails, unblessed, they had to eat.

He gave them heavenly food,
Sweet manna from the ground;
He, from the solid rock,
Made waters flow around:
Their cravings all were satisfied,
No real good were they denied.

For He remembered well
His promises of old,
How He His children would
In pastures rich enfold:
He brought His people forth with joy;
They did in praise glad songs employ.

He gave to them the lands
That heathen tribes had tilled;
With ripened fruit and grain,
Their barns and stores were filled,
So that they might with one accord
His statutes keep. Praise ye the Lord.

PSALM 106

Praise ye the Lord Jehovah;
Give thanks unto His name,
For He is good, His mercy
Is evermore the same.
Who, who of men can utter
The mighty acts of God?
Or who show forth His praises,
And sing beneath His rod?

Thrice blessed are the righteous
That keep a judgment true,
And he that doeth justly,
And doth his pledge renew.
O Lord, with the rich favor
Thou to Thine own doth show,
I pray that on Thy servant
Thou wouldest a part bestow.

That I among Thy chosen,
May see alone their good;
And praise Thy name with gladness,
And feast on angels' food.
Alas! like all our fathers,
We've sinned in Thy pure sight,
And wandered from the pathway
Wherein alone is light.

They soon forgot the wonders
In Egypt for them wrought;
Thy multitude of mercies
Soon passed from out their thought:
But God in pity saved them,
E'en for His own name's sake;
The waters deep He parted,
A way for them to make.

He saved them from the clutches
Of him who did them hate;
He from their foes redeemed them
Before it was too late:
The waves their foes did cover,
Not one of them was left;
And Egypt's haughty nation
Was of her hosts bereft.

Then did God's children praise Him
With timbrel and with song;
And in His word rejoicing,
Were in His strength made strong.
Alas! as they went forward
They soon His words forgot;
They for the world's good, lusted,
Nor for God's counsel sought.

He gave them their desire, but
 Sent leanness to the soul;
Sin, like a sweetened morsel,
 They 'neath their tongues did roll.
God's saints they viewed with envy,
 And would not them obey:
The earth was made to open
 And all these rebels slay.

A fire, too, was kindled,
 The wicked ones to burn—
O sinful men take warning,
 And from your evil turn—
They made a golden image,
 And worshipped it in praise,
Thus putting by God's glory,
 An idol dumb to raise.

The Lord, their God and Saviour,
 They wickedly forgot;
He that for them in Egypt,
 Such wondrous things had wrought;
He threatened to destroy them,
 Because of this, their sin;
But Moses interceded,
 God's pity there to win.

Yet they despised God's blessings,
 And would not trust His word;
And in their tents they murmured,
 Nor heeded they the Lord.
Jehovah then reproved them,
 To bring them to repent:
They were among the nations
 In scattered portions sent.

They joined themselves to Baal,
And no more worshipped God;
The Lord in righteous anger,
Chastised them with the rod.
Then Phinehas, arising,
A righteous judgment made
Unto those great transgressors,
And thus the plague was stayed.

That, unto him, was counted
For righteousness by all,
To future generations,
That did these things recall.
They, at the dearth of waters,
God's anger did provoke,
And it went ill with Moses,
When hastily he spoke.

The heathen nations near them
They did not there destroy,
Though 'gainst them God had told them
Their weapons to employ.
They mingled there among them,
And learned their evil ways;
They knew and served their idols,
And offered them their praise.

They brought their sons and daughters
To idols, to be slain;
And the fair land polluted
With blood, recoiled in pain.
Thus were they all defiled,
Who once were white and fair,
And God's fierce wrath was kindled
Against His people there.

He gave them to the heathen,
To rule them in the land;
Their enemies there brought them
Subdued beneath their hand.
Oft times did God deliver
His own, and freedom give,
But they would still forsake Him,
Nor in His service live.

But still the Lord had pity,
When they unto Him cried;
And he recalled His promise,
Nor were their prayers denied.
He made them to be pitied
By those that held them bound,
And these poor, erring captives,
A kindness in them found.

Save us, O Lord, our Saviour!
Thy banner o'er us raise,
That we return with shoutings,
And triumph in Thy praise.
Blest be the Lord Jehovah!
Enduring is His word:
Shout, all ye saints, repeating,
Amen. Praise ye the Lord.

PSALM 107

O give thanks unto the Lord,
For His mercy hath no end;
Let the righteous this record,
That God will His own defend,
And hath gathered out of lands,
Scattered far from east to west;
Yea, from north and south His hands
Gathered saints at their request.

Long they in the wilderness
Wandered in a lonely way;
Where they found in their distress
No safe place in which to stay:
Hungry, thirsty, on they plod,
Till their soul within them faints;
Then in prayer they cried to God,
And He answered their complaints.

Them He led in a right way,
To a habitation sure;
To a land where they might stay,
Him to serve with purpose pure:
Oh! that men would praise the Lord,
For His goodness and His grace;
And His wondrous works record,
Done to save His fallen race.

For the Lord doth satisfy
Ev'ry helpless, longing saint;
Grace He hath that will supply
Ev'ry need and each complaint.
Such as do in darkness sit,
With the shades of death around,
And in quietude submit
To the chains by which they're bound.

Then they cried unto the Lord—
In their trouble Him they sought—
Help to them He did afford,
They to safety soon were brought.
Oh! that men would praise the Lord
For His goodness and His grace;
And His wondrous works record,
Done to save His fallen race.

Let them sacrifice with joy,
What unto the Lord belongs,
And in praise their tongues employ,
Showing forth His works in songs.
They that in the sea go down,
In great ships their vigils keep,—
These behold how God doth crown
The great wonders of the deep.

Yea, He doth command the wind,
And the storm lifts up the waves,
They ascend the clouds to find,
Then sink low in hollowed graves.
Men, afraid, reel to and fro;
Life for them seems at an end—
Then their trust on God they throw
And He doth deliv'rance send.

He doth bid the storm recede,
And the raging waves are still;
Them in safety He doth lead
To their haven by His will—
Oh! that men would praise the Lord
For His goodness and His grace,
And His wondrous works record,
Done to save His fallen race.

Him let them exalt and praise
In the congregation vast;
And His standards let them raise,
And their gifts before Him cast.
In the wilderness He turns
Living waters running clear,
Life revives where nature burns,
When these flowing springs appear.

Then, again, the wilderness
 He converts into a pool,
And the ground, parched with distress,
 He with water-springs makes cool;
There He lets the hungry dwell,
 And a habitation find,
Sow their seeds and vineyards tell,
 And earth's products safely bind.

God doth bless them in their ways,
 And their numbers still increase;
He their herd from evil stays,
 That their cattle may not cease.
Yet, again, they weakened are,
 And through sorrow are brought low;
By oppression banished far,
 They life's dark afflictions know.

God on princes pours contempt
 And doth let them go astray,
But the poor He doth exempt
 From the evils of the way;
He doth give them riches true,
 Families to bless his name,—
Heaven's riches, like the dew,
 God's rich favors now proclaim.

This, believing saints shall see;
 They shall see it and rejoice;
Then shall all iniquity
 Silent be in act and voice:
He that can observe God's hand
 In these things and them record,
He it is shall understand
 All the kindness of the Lord.

PSALM 108

O God, my heart is fixed in Thee;
To Thee I'll sing, Thee will I praise;
With psaltery and harp shall I
At early morn sweet music raise.

Thee will I praise, Jehovah Lord,
Among the people gathered here;
To Thee I will Thy praises sing
Among the nations far and near.

Because, O Lord, Thy mercy is
So great; it doth to Heaven reach;
Thy truth extends unto the clouds,
And doth our darkened natures teach.

Be Thou exalted, Lord, beyond
The heavens; let Thy glory rise
O'er all the earth, that Thy beloved
May rescued be before Thine eyes.

Hear, Lord, and answer Thou my prayer,
And lift for me Thy strong right hand,
So shall my soul rejoice, and I
Shall, with Thy help, divide the land.

God hath in mercy answered me:
I, Shechem shall with joy divide;
I shall mete out, with help divine,
The vale of Succoth, fair and wide.

Manasseh, Gilead, Thou hast,
O Lord Jehovah, given me;
In Ephraim is found my strength;
My lawgiver shall Judah be.

In Moab I my washpot find;
O'er Edom will I cast my shoe;
Philistia will I triumph o'er,—
All these shall be my subjects true.

Who'll bring us to the city strong?
Who will me into Edom lead?
Lord, wilt not Thou go with our hosts,
And succor give in our great need?

O give us help from trouble, Lord,
For ev'ry help of man is vain:
Through God we shall do valiantly,—
He will for us the vict'ry gain.

PSALM 109

Hold not Thy peace, O God,
For wicked men assail;
And tongues deceitful do
In wrath against me rail;
They compassed me about
With words of bitter hate;
And they against me fought,
Nor cause could they relate.

They, for my love sincere,
My bitter foes became:
But I resort to prayer,
Their friendship to reclaim.
They have rewarded me
But ill for all my good;
And hatred for my love
Has long been understood.

Set, Lord, a wicked man,
Above him to command,
And there let Satan be
The guide at his right hand;
When he for judgment waits,
Condemned then let him be;
His prayer, let it be sin,
Nor favor let him see.

His days, let them be few;
His place, let others take;
His children, fatherless;
His wife, a widow make;
His children, let them beg,
And seek their daily bread;
In places desolate,
May they on crumbs be fed.

Let the extortioner
Catch ev'rything he hath;
And let the strangers spoil
His labor in their wrath;
Let there be none to show
To him a mercy kind;
Nor any favor let
His orphaned children find.

Let his posterity
No more on earth remain;
And haste the time when shall
Be blotted out their name.
Remember, Lord, the sins
His father did of old;
Let not his mother's sins
Cease ever to be told.

Let them forever be
Before the Lord on high,
That He, for evils done,
Will make their mem'ry die;
For he remembered not
A mercy kind to show,
But persecuted still,
The needy and the low.

As he loved cursing, so
Let cursing be his lot;
He loved not blessing,—let
No good to him be brought.
Let this be the reward
That God o'er all shall roll,
Who evil speak against
My crushed and troubled soul.

But, Lord, do Thou for me,
E'en for Thine own name's sake;
Thy pity, Lord, is kind,
Let it for me awake;
For I, O Lord, am poor,
And wounded is my heart;
I, like a shadow, fall
In broken lines apart.

Through fasting I am weak;
My flesh and strength have fled;
To men I'm a reproach,
They look, and shake the head.
Help me, O Lord, my God;
Me, in Thy mercy, save,
That they may know 'twas Thou
That plucked me from the grave.

Then let them curse that will;
But bless Thou me, O Lord;
Let them be brought to shame,
But joy to me accord;
Yea, let all these, my foes,
With shame be covered o'er;
In their confusion deep,
Let them be seen no more.

But I will greatly praise
The Lord with speech and song;
Yea, Him I'll boldly praise
Among the surging throng;
For He will stand beside
The poor, and him befriend;
In ev'ry time of need
He will deliv'rance send.

PSALM 110

The Lord said to my Lord,
Sit Thou at my right hand,
Until I make Thine enemies
Subdued before Thee stand.

The Lord shall out of Zion
Send forth a rod of strength;
Rule, Thou, among Thine enemies
To earth's remotest length.

Thine own shall willing be
When dawns the day of power:
Lord, hasten that glad time, we pray,
Speed, speed the longed for hour.

In holiness shall bloom
The morning of the Lord;
The dew of youth upon Thee rests,
And doth new life afford.

The Lord above hath sworn,
Nor will He yet repent—
Thou art a priest for evermore,
By holy orders sent.

The Lord at Thy right hand
The strongest kings shall spoil;
When He in wrath shall judge the earth,
The mighty shall recoil.

The heathen He shall judge,
And multiply their dead;
And over many countries He
Shall wound the ruling head.

The thirsty soul shall seek
The brook along the way;
To drink thereof and be revived,
His feet beside it stay.

PSALM 111

O praise the Lord, my waiting soul!
Him will I praise with all my heart:
Where true believers congregate,
There will my soul in praise take part.

Great are the works of God, the Lord,
Sought out by all that love His praise;
His work on earth is glorious,
His righteousness endures always.

His works of wonder He hath made
To be remembered for all time;
The Lord is gracious, and is found
Filled with compassion all sublime.

He giveth meat to hungry souls;
He feedeth all that fear His name;
His covenant He ne'er forgets,
It holds for evermore the same.

The power of His mighty works,
He hath unto His people shown,
That He may give the heritage
Of heathen nations to His own.

His works are verity and truth,
And His commandments all are sure;
They stand forever fast, and will
Through all eternity endure.

In mercy, He redemption sent
Unto His people lost in sin,—
Adored forever be His name,
That He should our salvation win.

To fear the Lord, and follow Him,
Is the first step in wisdom's ways;
O wise are they that keep His laws!
His praise, enduring, with them stays.

PSALM 112

Praise, ye, the Lord Jehovah!
For sure that man is blest,
Who fears the Lord and serves Him,
And on His word doth rest:
His children shall grow mighty,
His children's children thrive;
His house shall have true riches,
His faith be kept alive.

A light unto the upright
Doth 'mid the darkness rise,—
God, full of all compassion,
No righteous prayer denies.
A good man sheweth favor,
And kindness that is wide;
He, with a wise discretion,
His own affairs doth guide.

He shall not be removéd,
But shall securely stand;
The mem'ry of the righteous
Is fixed throughout the land.
Of any evil tidings,
He shall not be afraid,
Because his heart is trusting
The Lord, and on Him stayed.

His heart is well established
Nor shall he know a fear;
He to the poor hath given
His riches far and near:
His righteousness forever,
Shall surely, then, endure;
His horn shall be exalted,
With honor that is pure.

The wicked there shall see it,
And filled be with dismay;
He'll gnash his teeth in anguish,
And fall, and melt away.
The longings of the wicked,
To do the righteous harm,
Shall soon be made to perish
By God's almighty arm.

PSALM 113

Praise, praise the Lord, ye saints!
His name, ye people, praise!
Exalted be his holy name
Through all the coming days.

From when the sun doth rise,
Till when it sinks at night,
Let praises to Jehovah's name
Each contrite soul delight.

The Lord is high above
All nations here below;
His glory is above the heavens,
And light o'er all doth throw.

Who, who is like the Lord?
Who can with him compare,
Who humbled low himself, that he
Our earthly state might share?

He raiseth up the poor,
And lifteth the cast down;
E'en from the dust he raiseth him,
To place on him a crown.

He makes the fruitless vine
Bear clusters to his name:
For all his goodness, O ye saints,
His glory now proclaim.

PSALM 114

When God's people went from Egypt,
And the house of Jacob fled
From a nation of strange language,
They were by Jehovah led.
Judah was his sanctuary,
Israel his promised land;
They unto their rich possessions
Guided were by God's own hand.

There the sea fled back before them;
Jordan, too, was driven back;
Cloud for shelter, light to guide them,
They God's blessings did not lack.
There, like rams, skipped all the mountains,
And the little hills like lambs,—
Thus Jehovah, for His people,
Each foreboding quickly calms.

What ailed thee, O sea, that fledest?
Jordan, why didst thou not flow?
Why like rams skipped all the mountains?
And ye hills, why moved ye so?
O thou solid earth, now tremble
At the presence of the Lord!
He who turned the rock to water
By the power of His word.

PSALM 115

Not unto us, O Lord,
But to Thy holy name,
Give glory for Thy mercy's sake;
Thy truth and grace proclaim.

Why should the heathen say:
O where is now their God?
Our God is in the heavens high,
And ruleth by His rod.

Their idols are but forms
Of silver and of gold;
The work of men's own feeble hands,
No strength nor life they hold.

They've mouths, but cannot speak;
Eyes have they, but no sight;
And they have ears, but not a sound
Doth e'er those ears delight.

They've noses, but smell not;
Lifeless their hands do lie;
They've feet, but they walk not; no speech
Doth pass their throttles dry.

The men that made them are
Like unto them, but dead;
And so are all that in them trust
To guided be or fed.

O Israel of old!
Trust, trust thou in the Lord;
He is thy help and shield, and will
A help divine afford.

O house of Aaron, trust
In the Almighty King;
He is thy help, and He's thy shield,
He will salvation bring.

All ye that fear the Lord,
In Him put all your trust;
He is a help and shield, and will
Deliver all the just.

The Lord hath ever been
Mindful of us and true;
He'll bless the house of Israel,
He'll Aaron bless anew.

He'll bless all them that fear
The Lord—both great and small—
The Lord will bless you more and more,
You, and your children all.

Ye of the Lord art blest,—
Blest by Jehovah when
He had the heavens for His abode,
And made the earth for men.

The dead praise not the Lord;
Nor any that do sleep
In darkness down within the tomb,
Amid the silence deep.

But we will bless our God;
And praise to Him accord;
From this time forth and evermore,
Praise, praise, ye saints, the Lord.

PSALM 116

I love the Lord because
He hath my pleadings heard:
Because oftentimes they have
His heart of pity stirred;
Because He hath inclined
His list'ning ear to me,
His loving suppliant
I ever more shall be.

Death's sorrows round me pressed;
The pains of hell I felt.
Then cried I to the Lord,
As I before Him knelt:
O Lord, I Thee beseech,
These terrors from me roll;
Let Thine own comfort reach
My tossed and troubled soul.

How gracious is the Lord!
How merciful our God!
He chastens for our good,
Then stays His lifted rod.
He hath me always helped
When I have been brought low,
And I, through all His acts,
His loving-kindness know.

Return unto thy rest,
My soul, from sin set free,
The Lord hath ever dealt
Most graciously with thee.
Thou hast delivered, Lord,
My soul from death, mine eyes
From tears are free, my feet
Halt not when snares arise.

I'll walk before the Lord
Where all the world may see;
Yea, I throughout the land
His witness true shall be.
I was afflicted sore,
And in my haste made speech:
"All men are prone to lie,
When they their ends would reach."

What shall I render now
Unto the Lord above,
For all His gifts bestowed,
And His undying love?
My hand will take the cup
Of His salvation free;
I'll call upon His name,
I'll His disciple be.

I now will pay my vows
Unto the Lord Most High;
Before the people all
I will to Him draw nigh.
How precious in God's sight,
The death of ev'ry saint!
Their welcome to His home,
No fancy e'er can paint.

O Lord, I truly am
Thy servant and Thy child;
Thou hast loosed all my bonds,
And cleansed a soul defiled.
To Thee I'll gladly give
A sacrifice of praise;
I'll call upon Thy name,
And worship Thee always.

I'll pay my vows unto
The Lord Jehovah now;
Before His people I
In prayer and praise will bow;
Yea, in His courts I will
His majesty record;
In thee, Jerusalem,
I'll bow. Praise ye the Lord.

PSALM 117

Ye nations, praise the Lord;
Ye people, praise His name;
His benefits to all recall,
His praise to all proclaim.

For oh! His kindness is
So great toward us all;
All we that serve Him and are His,
In praise before Him fall.

His truth shall ever stand,
And shall us help afford;
Shout! shout! ye saints, throughout the land,
And praise! praise ye the Lord.

PSALM 118

Oh! render thanks unto the Lord,
For He is good, true is His word;
His mercy lasts for aye;
Let Israel the same repeat;
And still before God's mercy seat,
The same let Aaron say.

Let them that fear the Lord proclaim,
His mercy always is the same,
Enduring, changeless, free.
I sought the Lord in my distress,
My plea I did upon Him press,
And He hath answered me.

Because the Lord is on my side,
I will not fear what may betide,
Or what frail man can do;
The Lord doth take my part and He
My friend and Helper sure will be,
And my desire renew.

It better is to trust the Lord,
Than trust in man, help to afford,
In times of sore dismay,
'Tis better in the Lord to trust,
Than in frail man, however just,
To look for help that day.

All nations compassed me about
But with God's help I will them rout,
And will them all destroy,
They compassed me about, but I
Will look for help to God on high,
His aid will I employ.

They compassed me about like bees,
But scattered as by fire were these—
Defeat they all did share:
They struck at me, that I might fall,
But God hath heard my earnest call,
And He hath helped me there.

Jehovah is my strength and song;
The Lord is my salvation strong,
Therefore I shall rejoice;
Yea, in the tabernacle I
Will to the Lord of hosts draw nigh
With glad exultant voice.

All valiantly doth God's right hand
His marvels do throughout the land;
It is exalted there:
And now shall I not die, but live,
And all my strength and powers give,
His glory to declare.

The Lord hath chastened me full sore,
And brought me near unto death's door,
But did me there reprieve:
The gates of righteousness undo,
And let my waiting soul pass through,
Salvation to receive.

I'll enter them with joy and praise—
These gates that lead to heavenly ways—
Thronged with the pure in heart:
Thee will I praise; Thou didst me hear,
And brought Thy great salvation near—
Thou my Salvation art.

The stone the builders long denied,
Is now the head-stone, sanctified,
Its finished mission done:
All glorious it doth arise,
And marvelous before our eyes,
God's own beloved son.

This is the day the Lord hath made,
 And our redemption fully paid;
 In it we shall rejoice:
 Save now, O Lord, I Thee beseech,
 To all let Thy salvation reach,
 Who hear Thy loving voice.

Thrice blessed He that cometh now;
 Ye waiting hosts before Him bow,
 And shout aloud His name:
 God is the Lord who showed us light,
 We'll sacrifice before His sight,
 And His redemption claim.

Thou art my God; Thee will I praise;
 Thou art my God through endless days,
 Thee I'll exalt on high:
 Give thanks unto the Lord our God,
 For He is good; kind is His rod;
 To help us He is nigh.

PSALM 119

א ALEPH

How blessed are the undefiled,
 In life's uncertain way,
 Who walk within God's holy law,
 Nor from His precepts stray.

Thrice blest are they that always keep
 His testimonies true;
 That follow Him with all the heart,
 And His commandments do.

They also no iniquity
 Do practice, but they try
 To walk in God's most righteous ways,
 And serve with single eye.

Thou hast commanded us, O Lord,
Thy precepts all to keep—
O that my ways directed were
To know Thy statutes deep.

Then shall I never be ashamed,
When I have due respect
Unto Thy just commandments, Lord,
Nor do Thy laws neglect.

Thee will I praise with upright heart,
When I Thy truth have learned—
To understand Thy judgments, Lord,
My soul hath often yearned.

Thy holy statutes I will keep;
Forsake me not, I pray;
Be Thou my guard and my defence
Through life's uneven way.

» BETH

How shall a young man cleanse his way
And shun the paths of sin?
By taking heed unto Thy word,
And truths inscribed therein.

Thee have I sought with all my heart;
Lord, let me never stray;
From Thy commandments let me not
Depart by night or day.

Thy Word I've hidden in my breast,
So that I might not fall:
How blessed art Thou to incline
My heart to hear Thy call.

I with my lips have long declared
The judgments of Thy Word;
And I've rejoiced along the way,
As I Thy truths have heard.

I in Thy holy precepts will
Now meditate and pray;
I'll have respect unto Thy laws,
And follow in Thy way.

In all Thy righteous statutes, I
Will now my pleasure take;
Thy Word I never will forget,
Nor Thy commands forsake.

ג GIMEL

Deal freely with Thy servant, Lord,
That I aright may live;
Incline mine eyes, that I may see
The precepts Thou dost give.

Lo! I'm a stranger in the earth,
Hide not Thy law from me;
My soul doth break with longing that
It may Thy judgments see.

Thou hast rebuked the proud that do
From Thy commandments stray:
O Lord, remove from me reproach;
Thy law hath been my stay.

For princes, also, sat and spake
Against me in the gate;
Thy servant in Thy statutes then
Did stop and meditate.

Thy testimonies truly are
My constant, sure delight;
They also are my counsellors
To guide my steps aright.

ל DALETH

My soul doth cleave unto the dust;
Me quicken and revive;
According to Thy holy Word,
Make now my faith alive.

My ways I have declared, O Lord,
And Thou hast heard my prayer;
Teach me Thy statutes, so that I
Thy blessed truths may share.

Make me to understand the way
Of all Thy precepts, Lord,
So shall I then, with thankful heart,
Thy wondrous works record.

My soul doth melt in heaviness;
O strengthen me, I pray;
According to Thy holy Word,
Uphold me in the way.

Remove afar from me false tongues;
Thy law grant unto me:
The way of truth I've chosen now,
Thy judgments I would see.

Unto Thy law my soul hath held,
O put me not to shame;
All Thy commandments I will keep,
And magnify Thy name.

n HE

Teach me, O righteous Lord, the way
Of all Thy statutes true,
And I will keep it to the end,
And Thy commandments do.

Give understanding unto me,
And I will keep Thy law;
It I'll observe with all my heart
And comfort from it draw.

Make me to walk within the path
Of Thy commandments right—
My soul, O Lord, would seek the truth,
Therein is my delight.

Unto Thy testimonies true,
My heart, O Lord, incline;
Remove me far from selfishness,
From love of what is mine.

Turn Thou mine eyes from vanity;
Me quicken in the way;
Thy Word establish in my heart,
Be it my guide and stay.

Turn from me that reproach, which I
Now tremble at and fear—
But, Lord, Thy judgments all are good,
If they but bring Thee near.

Behold, O Lord, how I have longed
Thy precepts here to find:
O quicken me in righteousness,
Thy law about me bind.

† VAU

Thy tender mercies, let them come
 Unto me now, O Lord;
 And Thy salvation may I have,
 According to Thy Word.

So shall I have wherewith to speak
 To him who is unjust;
 To him who still reproacheth me,
 For in Thy Word I trust.

Take not Thy Word of truth away,
 But let me it declare;
 So shall I keep Thy holy law
 And Thy rich blessings share.

And I will walk at liberty,
 For I Thy precepts seek;
 I of Thy testimonies shall
 Before high rulers speak.

In Thy commandments, Lord, always
 I will myself delight;
 Yea, Thy commandments, that I've loved,
 I will with joy recite.

My hands also I will lift up
 Unto Thy holy law;
 My soul from Thy pure statutes shall
 Sweet meditations draw.

† ZAIN

Remember, Lord, Thy former word
 Unto Thy servant now;
 That which hath caused my soul to hope,
 As I before Thee bow.

In my affliction this doth bring
Me comfort and support;
Thy Word hath quickened me, O Lord;
My waywardness cut short.

The proud have long derided me—
I their derision saw —
Yet have I not declined to keep
Thy just and holy law.

Thy judgments I've remembered well,
Thy judgments of the past,
And I have comforted myself,
And unto Thee held fast.

Great grief hath taken hold of me,
Because of those that stray;
Of those that do forsake Thy law
And wander from the way.

Thy statutes, Lord, have been my song
In this my pilgrimage;
Thy law I've kept, as 'tis inscribed
Upon the sacred page.

Thee I've remembered in the night,
And then securely slept—
This blessing, Lord, I had because
Thy precepts I had kept.

¶ HETH

Thou art my portion, O my God,
And I have truly said
That I would keep Thy holy words,
And by Thy law be led.

With my whole heart Thy favor I
Entreated have with tears;
Be merciful to me, O Lord,
And banish all my fears.

I thought upon my ways and turned
My feet unto Thy law;
All Thy commandments holy are—
They did Thy servant draw.

The wicked have me robbed ofttimes,
But I Thy law possess;
At midnight I will rise, and will
With thanks Thy throne address.

All my companions are of them
That fear Thy holy name;
Of them that keep Thy precepts, and
Thy sacred truth proclaim.

The earth, O Lord, is full of all
Thy mercies ever kind;
Teach me Thy statutes; and Thy law
Around Thy servant bind.

□ TETH

Thou hast in kindness dealt with me;
Thou hast Thy servant led;
According to Thy word, Thou hast
His soul with manna fed.

Endow me with good judgment, Lord,
And knowledge teach to me;
For Thy commandments I've believed;
I will Thy servant be.

Before I was afflicted I
Oftimes went far astray,
But since I now have kept Thy Word,
I've followed in Thy way.

Lord, Thou art good and doest good,
Teach me Thy statutes true;
Help me to understand Thy Word;
My faith and hope renew.

The proud have lied against me, and
Against me taken part;
But I will keep Thy precepts with
An undivided heart.

Their mind with worldliness is fat:
I in Thy law delight;
'Tis good that I've afflicted been,
That I might walk aright.

Thy law, it better is for me
To understand and hold,
Than wealth, by thousands multiplied,
Of silver and of gold.

' JOD

Thy hands have made and fashioned me
As Thou wouldst have me be;
Give to me understanding, Lord,
That I Thy truth may see.

All they that fear Thee will be glad
When they my faith perceive,
Because I've trusted in the Lord,
And do His Word believe.

I know, O Lord, Thy judgments are
All righteousness and truth,
And that in faithfulness I was
Afflicted in my youth.

Let now Thy loving kindness be
My comfort and delight,
And let Thy tender mercies come
To cheer me in the night.

Let all the proud be well ashamed,
That hurt me without cause;
But I will meditate upon
Thy just and holy laws.

Let those that fear Thee turn to me,
Those that Thy laws have known;
And let my heart be always sound
In statutes Thou hast shown.

» CAPH

For Thy salvation, Lord, my soul
Doth faint and fall away,
But in Thy Word I still have hope;
It is my trust and stay .

Mine eyes fail for Thy Word, O Lord;
When wilt Thou comfort me?
My faith is dim, because of doubt,
Yet I Thy statutes see.

How many are the days, O Lord,
That I shall thus be tried?
When wilt Thou judgment place on them
That do my name deride?

The proud have digged their pits for me,
Against Thy holy law;
They persecute me wrongfully,
And would me from Thee draw.

Help me, O Lord, and be my strength;
To help me, now awake!
They had me sorely tried, but I
Did not Thy law forsake.

In tender mercy quicken me,
And raise me up again;
So shall I keep Thy holy law,
And worship Thee. Amen.

¶ LAMED

Thy Word doth stand forever, Lord;
'Tis fixed, nor can it move;
Thy faithfulness is unto all—
Thy works this truth doth prove.

All things continue day by day,
According to Thy Word,
For they Thy willing servants are,
And Thy commands have heard.

Unless Thy holy Word had been
My comfort and delight,
I should in my affliction then
Have perished in my blight.

Thy precepts I shall ne'er forget;
To Thee they have me brought;
Save me, O Lord, for I am Thine;
Thy precepts I have sought.

The wicked—long in wait for me—
Have sought me to destroy,
But I Thy testimonies shall
For their defeat employ.

Mine eyes have seen an end of all
That perfect is, and good—
May Thy commandments, righteous God,
Be fully understood.

¤ MEM

Oh, how I love Thy holy law!
It is my constant stay;
It is my meditation sweet
Through each succeeding day.

By Thy commandments Thou hast made
Me wiser than my foes;
Through them I have more knowledge than
My wisest teacher knows.

Because Thy testimonies are
My meditations deep,
I understand them, for I do
Thy holy precepts keep.

My feet I have refrained from ways
That evil are and wrong;
I've not departed from Thy path,
For Thou hast made me strong.

How sweet Thy words are to my taste!
Yea, sweeter far are they
Than honey is unto my mouth,—
They are my joy and stay.

'Tis through Thy precepts that I get
An understanding mind;
Therefore I hate each false, dark step,
Where Thee I cannot find.

> NUN

Thy Word is as a lamp unto
My halting, stumbling feet;
A lamp it is unto my path,
Whose rays my footsteps meet.

I have declared, e'en with an oath,
That I Thy laws would keep;
I am in trouble, quicken me
In my affliction deep.

Accept, O Lord, I Thee beseech,
The offerings I bring;
Teach me Thy judgments, Lord, and let
Me of Thy mercies sing.

My soul is in my hand, yet I
Do not Thy law forget;
My foes have laid a snare for me,
But I've escaped their net.

Thy testimonies, Lord, have been
A heritage most sweet;
For the rejoicing of my heart,
They have been found complete.

I have inclined my heart always
Thy statutes to perform;
Yea, I will keep them to the end,
Through sunshine and through storm.

□ SAMECH

I hate vain thoughts that in me rise,
But I Thy law do love;
Thou art my hiding place and shield,
Thy Word my hope doth prove.

Depart from me thou evil ones!
For I will keep God's law;
According to Thy word, O Lord,
My soul unto Thee draw.

O let me never be ashamed
Of this, my hope and trust;
Hold thou me up, and I'll be safe,
For Thou, O Lord, art just.

Lord, Thou hast trodden down all those
That from Thy statutes erred;
For their deceit is falsehood, and
Their end is not deferred.

Thou puttest far away from Thee
The wicked and profane;
Therefore Thy holy truths I love,
Nor shall my hope be vain.

My flesh doth tremble sore in fear
Of Thee whene'er I sin;
I of Thy judgments am afraid—
Me from all evil win.

γ AIN

I've judgment done, O Lord, and have
In justice dealt with all;
To mine oppressors leave me not,
Lest in their trap I fall.

Be surety for me, O Lord,
As I Thy throne address;
Let not the proud and prosperous
Thy servant now oppress.

Deal with Thy servant graciously,
In mercy and in love;
Teach me Thy statutes and Thy truth
With wisdom from above.

I am Thy servant; give to me
An understanding heart,
That I Thy testimonies may
To darkened souls impart.

'Tis time for Thee to work, O Lord,
For they've made void Thy law;
In error they are gone astray,
And others with them draw.

Therefore, I Thy commandments love
Above the finest gold;
Yea, far above all earthly wealth
I do Thy statutes hold.

And I esteem Thy precepts, Lord,
Concerning all things right,
While ev'ry way that's false and dark
Is hateful in my sight.

¶ PE

Thy sacred testimonies, Lord ,
Are wonderful to me;
Therefore, my soul doth keep them, and
Doth beauty in them see.

The entrance of Thy holy word
Doth unto me give light;
Unto the simple it doth give
An understanding right.

I opened wide my mouth in thirst,
And panted for Thy Word;
I longed for Thy commandments which
My willing ears had heard.

Look Thou on me, O Lord, and be
Most merciful to Thine;
As Thou hast looked on those that loved
Thy holy name divine.

My steps now order in Thy word;
Let not iniquity
Rule over me, nor draw my soul
From searching after Thee.

From the oppression of vain man,
Deliver me, O Lord,
So will I keep Thy precepts true,
So will I keep Thy Word.

Make, Lord, Thy face to shine upon
Thy servant here below;
Teach me Thy statutes, give me grace
Their wondrous truths to know.

Mine eyes with tears exhaust themselves,
Because of wickedness;
Because men do not keep Thy law,
But do in sin transgress.

y TZADDI

Thou, only Thou, art holy, Lord;
Thy judgments are upright;
Thy testimonies righteous are,
And faithful to give light.

My zeal for Thee and for Thy cause,
Hath me consumed, O Lord,
Because my foes forgotten have,
Thine everlasting Word.

Thy Word is very pure: it doth
A sacred love beget;
Therefore Thy servant loveth it,
And cleaveth to it yet.

I'm small and I'm despised, but I
Unto Thy precepts hold;
Thy righteousness undying is,
Thy truth is never old.

Trouble and anguish, Lord, have laid
Their hold upon me now,
Yet I, in glad submission, do
To Thy commandments bow.

The righteousness of all Thy laws
Has ever been the same;
Give understanding unto me,
To live and it proclaim.

p KOPH

With my whole heart I cried to Thee:
Hear me, O Lord, I pray,
And I will keep Thy statutes true,
And serve Thee on the way.

I cried to Thee in my distress:
Save me, and I shall keep
Thy holy testimonies, Lord,
And Thy commandments deep.

The hours of night were lengthened, and
The morning light was stayed,
While I unto Thee cried aloud,
And supplication made.

The watches of the night passed by,
And I observed them not,
That I might meditate upon
The truths Thy Word hath brought.

Hear Thou my voice, according to
Thy loving-kindness, Lord;
To quicken me, according to
Thy judgment, help afford.

All they that follow mischief are
Not far from me removed,
But Thou, O Lord, art near, and all
Thy statutes have been proved.

And of Thy testimonies, Lord,
I have them known of old,
That Thou hast brought them forth, and dost
Their deep foundations hold.

¶ RESH

O Lord, on my affliction look!
Deliver me, I pray;
For I Thy law do not forget,
It is my guide and stay.

Plead Thou my cause; deliver me;
Help me, for I am weak;
The wicked are afar from Thee,
Nor do Thy statutes seek.

Great are Thy tender mercies, Lord;
Me quicken and reclaim;
Mine enemies are many, yet
I still hold to Thy name.

My heart was grieved when I beheld
The path the wicked trod,
Because they did not keep the truth,
Nor follow after God.

Consider how I love Thy law!
Me quicken by Thy Word;
According to Thy tender love,
Help unto me afford.

From the beginning, Lord, Thy Word
Was ever true and pure,
And all Thy judgments shall
For evermore endure.

¶ SCHIN

Princes have persecuted me,
O Lord, without a cause;
But yet my heart doth stand in awe
And reverence of Thy laws.

As one that findeth richest spoil,
I at Thy word rejoice;
All falsehood doth my soul abhor—
Thy precepts are my choice.

Yea, seven times a day my soul
Doth rise to Thee in praise,
Because Thy righteous judgments do
Attend my steps always.

Great peace have they who love Thy law;
Naught shall their trust offend:
I've hoped for Thy salvation, Lord—
My will to Thine I bend.

My soul, by help divine, hath kept
Thy testimonies true;
I love them all exceedingly;
They do my strength renew.

Thy testimonies I have kept;
Thy precepts guide my heart,
For all my ways before Thee are;
I ne'er from Thee shall part.

n TAU

Let now my cry come near to Thee,
O Lord, I humbly pray;
Give me an understanding mind
To know what Thou dost say.

Let now my supplication come
Before Thee, O my Lord;
Deliver me according to
Thine own most gracious word.

My lips shall utter praise when Thou
Hast me Thy statutes taught;
My tongue shall praise Thee for the truth
Thou hast unto me brought.

Help me, for I have chosen now
Thy precepts pure and right;
I've longed for Thy salvation, Lord;
Thy law is my delight.

Let now my soul awake to Thee,
And it shall give Thee praise;
And let Thy judgments give me help
Through all the coming days.

Like a lost sheep I've gone astray;
Thy servant seek and find,
For I do not forget Thy laws
And Thy commandments kind.

PSALM 120

While plunged in deep distress,
I cried unto the Lord;
He heard me, and a quick relief
Did graciously afford.

O Lord, from lying lips,
Deliver now my soul;
Free me from the deceitful tongue,
Let it not me despoil.

What shall be given thee?
Or what to thee be done,
Thou tongue? so false, and prone to hurt
The unsuspecting one?

Woe! woe be unto me,
That I do now sojourn
In Mesech! that I dwell, alas!
In Kedar's tents, I mourn.

My soul hath dwelt full long
With him that hateth peace;
I am for peace; but when I speak,
Their threats of war increase.

PSALM 121

While on faith's wing my prayers arise,
I'll lift unto the hills mine eyes,
From whence my help doth come;
My help comes from the Lord on high,
Who made the earth and starry sky—
Yon vast, effulgent dome.

He will not let thy foot be moved;
Lo! He that keepeth thee hath proved
He will thee safely keep:
Yea, He that keepeth Israel,
And who thine ev'ry want can tell,
Shall slumber not, nor sleep.

The Lord doth ever by thee stand,
He is thy shade on thy right hand,
And thy protector near;
The sun shall not thee smite by day,
Nor shall the moon by night thee slay,
Nor cast on thee a fear.

The Lord shall thee preserve from ill,
And all thy life with blessings fill;
Thy sin-sick soul restore;
Thy going out and coming in,
He shall preserve from harm and sin,
Now, and for evermore.

PSALM 122

My heart rejoiced when they
Devoutly said to me:
Let us unto God's house
Go up and nourished be:
Our feet shall stand within thy gates,
O temple fair! where praise awaits.

Jerusalem is built
As is a city strong,
Whither the tribes go up
With glad, exultant song,
To testify by act and word,
And render thanks unto the Lord.

For there are set the thrones
Of judgment, just and sure;
The thrones of David's house,
Erected to endure:
Jerusalem! pray for her peace,
Who loves her shall yet more increase.

Peace be within thy walls,
O city of our King!
There let prosperity
Her willing off'rings bring;
E'en in thy palaces so fair,
Let blessings rich attend thee there.

For my companion's sakes
I humbly now would say,
Let peace within thee dwell,
And holiness alway;
I of God's house will gladly speak,
Her happiness my heart will seek.

PSALM 123

Lord, unto Thee I lift mine eyes;
To Thee, who dwellest above;
E'en as the eyes of servants look
To masters whom they love.

And as the eyes of maids, who turn,
To learn their mistress' will,
So do our eyes wait on the Lord;
His mercy we trust still.

Have mercy on us, O our God,
Have mercy on us now,
For we are filled with all contempt
As we before Thee bow.

Our souls are filled with heaviness,
Because of those that scorn;
Because of those that sit at ease,
Our hearts with grief are torn.

Yea, the contempt of all the proud,
Doth cause us daily grief:
Turn unto us, O Lord, and send
Unto Thine own relief.

PSALM 124

If it had not been Jehovah,
Who was on our side and fought,
Now might Israel say, with trembling,
Swift defeat had been our lot.
If it had not been Jehovah,
Who remained our strong defence,
Foes would soon have us defeated,
And in wrath dispersed us hence.

Then they had consumed us quickly,
When their wrath against us rose;
Then the waters had o'erwhelmed us
In the presence of our foes;
Then the waters, proud and raging,
Had engulfed us by the way:
Blessed be the Lord who hath not
Given us to them a prey.

As a bird escapes the fowlers,
Who have set for it a snare,
So the snare they set is broken,
And we have escaped them there.
All our help is in Jehovah,
In His name is all our trust;
He who framed the earth and heaven,
Is our helper, strong and just.

PSALM 125

All they that trust in God for aid,
Shall be, like Zion's mount, secure;
Whose deep foundations, firmly laid,
Abideth always strong and sure.

Like as the mountains, tow'ring high,
Are round about Jerusalem,
So is the Lord at all times nigh
His own, and watches over them.

For sure the rod of the unjust
Shall not upon the righteous be,
Lest e'en God's own should put their trust
In that which works iniquity.

Do good, O Lord, to those that are
Upright and good within their hearts;
But as for such as wander far,
God's watchful care o'er them departs.

Yea, all that turn to crooked ways,
Their right to God's protection sell,
And they shall wander all their days,—
But peace shall be on Israel.

PSALM 126

How did our hearts rejoice,
When God in mercy turned,
Our bondage into freedom, and
Gave that for which we yearned.

We were like them that dream;
Nor could we understand
That God had granted our desire
To reach our native land.

Then laughter filled our mouth;
Our tongue to songs gave vent,
Because the Lord had unto us
This crowning blessing sent.

Among the heathen, too,
'Twas said: The Lord hath done
Great things for them, and surely hath
Their freedom for them won.

The Lord hath done great things
For us, and we are glad;
Sing, sing our hearts in thankfulness,
Nor let them more be sad.

Turn our captivity
Unto Thy praise, O Lord;
As streams reviving in the south,
Revive us by Thy word.

All they that sow in tears,
Shall later reap in joy;
Yea, all shall gather rich reward
That do God's word employ.

He that in toil and pain
The precious message leaves,
Shall doubtless come again in joy,
Bringing his garnered sheaves.

PSALM 127

Except the Lord doth build
The house, and it maintain,
They that erect its walls,
Do labor but in vain:
Except the Lord the city guard,
The watchman cannot ill retard.

'Tis vain for you to rise
With morning's dawning light;
To sit up late, to eat
Thy bread far in the night,
For e'en with sorrows surging deep,
He giveth His beloved sleep.

Lo! children are always
A gift from God above;
They're His reward, and show
His kind and thoughtful love:
As arrows in the soldier's hand,
So are they in the family band.

Happy the man that hath
His quiver full of them;
He shall not be afraid
That foes shall him o'erwhelm:
They shall not be ashamed, but wait
To meet the foe within the gate.

PSALM 128

Behold! thrice blest is ev'ry one
That fears the Lord always;
God's richest blessing he enjoys,
And peace through all his days.

Yea, more, the labor of thy hands
Shall fruit to thee return,
And thou shalt in prosperity
A peaceful plenty earn.

Thy wife shall, as a fruitful vine,
Thy home adorn and cheer;
Like olive plants thy children shall
Around thy board appear.

Behold, that even thus the man
Is blest that fears the Lord;
Prosperity within the church
Shall joy to him afford.

For out of Zion shall the Lord
His blessing to thee send;
And thou shalt see the churches good
Increase unto the end.

Yet further will the Lord bestow
His gifts with lavish hand,—
Thy children's children thou shalt see,
And peace throughout the land.

PSALM 129

Many a time have they
Afflicted me full sore:
Yea, this may Israel say:
They plowed me o'er and o'er—
They from my youth afflicted me,
Yet they could not my captors be.

The plowers plowed me through;
They made their furrows long,
And sought with efforts new,
To do me fatal wrong—
The righteous Lord true help affords,
Asunder He hath cut their cords.

Let them confounded be,
And backward turned to shame,
Who would delight to see
Despoiled fair Zion's name—
Let them be as the withered grass
That gleaners wise unnoticed pass.

Neither is heard the prayer
From those who pass that way:
God's blessing, rich and fair,
Be on you this glad day—
Nor do they in their joy exclaim:
We bless you in God's holy name.

PSALM 130

Out of the depths of sore distress,
To Thee, O Lord, I cried;
When with my voice I Thee address,
Turn not from me aside.

If Thou shouldst mark iniquity,
Who, unconsumed, could stand?
But pardon may be sought of Thee,
And favor from Thy hand.

In patience wait I for the Lord;
For Him my soul doth wait;
My hope and trust are in His word,
E'en when He tarries late.

My soul, with longing, looks to see
The coming of my King;
For Him I watch more eagerly
Than aught this world can bring.

More than the weary watcher's eye
Looks for the light of morn,
Watches and waits, for God Most High,
My spirit tossed and torn.

In God, the Lord, let Israel
Hope evermore and trust;
The Lord is merciful, and well
Rewards the good and just.

In Him is full redemption found
For all who to Him flee;
Each captive soul, by Satan bound,
God's power divine sets free.

PSALM 131

Lord, my heart is not found haughty,
Nor are lofty found mine eyes,
Neither do I in great matters,
For vain glory, exercise.
Surely I have lived and acted
As a weanéd child should do;
Giving up what is forbidden,
Striving for the good and true.

Now let Israel in Jehovah,
Hope and trust for evermore;
God will strengthen all her borders,
And enrich her farthest shore;
Sure the church in Him shall triumph,
She shall with His help be great;
Humbly let us seek His favor,
And before His presence wait.

PSALM 132

Remember, Lord, Thy servant now;
All his afflictions call to mind,
How he did vow to Jacob's God,
And with an oath this promise bind.

I will not come into my house,
Nor to mine eyes give needed sleep,
Until I find a place for Thee,
Where I Thy sacred ark can keep.

We heard of it at Ephratah,
We found it in a distant place;
We'll enter now His house with praise,
We'll worship there before His face.

Arise! O Lord, into Thy rest,
Thou and the ark Thou dwellest in;
There let Thy priests with righteousness
Be clothed, nor tainted be with sin.

And let Thy children shout for joy,
On this, Thy great, triumphant day;
The face of Thine anointed, Lord,
For David's sake, turn not away.

The Lord hath unto David sworn,
Nor will He e'er His vow forget:
The children that descend from thee,
Shall rule within thy kingdom yet.

And if they keep My holy law,
The laws that I shall to them show,
I on thy children's children shall
Thy throne for evermore bestow.

The Lord hath chosen Zion fair,
To be His earthly resting place;
There may He now be sought of them,
Who seek to find His saving grace.

This is my rest, here will I dwell,
And gifts divine will freely shed,
And food will give abundantly,
To satisfy her poor with bread.

Her priests I will in honor clothe,
With garments of salvation strong;
Her saints shall shout aloud for joy,
And all the hosts take up the song.

To bud I will make David's horn;
For him I have through grace ordained
A lamp to guide his steps aright,
The light thereof shall be sustained.

His foes I now will clothe with shame;
Upon their efforts I will frown;
But David's triumphs shall increase,
And glorious shall be his crown.

PSALM 133

Behold! how good it is,
And how becoming well,
For brethren of the church
In unity to dwell.

'Tis like the precious oil,
Poured on the prophet's head,
That doth on all around
A sacred fragrance shed.

Or as the dew that fell
On Hermon's parched crown.
And as the dew that on
Fair Zion's mount came down.

For there Jehovah caused
His blessing to descend,
E'en life for evermore,
And joys that never end.

PSALM 134

Ye saints, bless ye our Sov'reign Lord;
Attend unto His gracious word:
 Ye servants, bless His name.
All ye who stand throughout the night,
To get from Him a clearer light,
 His glory there proclaim.

Lift up your hands in earnest prayer
Within His sanctuary there,
 And praise the Lord always;
The Lord that made the heavens high,
The earth and all beneath the sky,
 Bless thee through all thy days.

PSALM 135

Praise the Lord, ye people all;
Praise His name, upon Him call;
All ye servants of the Lord,
Praise His name with one accord.

Ye that stand within the gates—
Where His spirit ever waits—
Praise the Lord, for He is good,
Giving to us precious food.

For the Lord hath Jacob brought
To Himself, and Israel sought;
All must know the Lord is great,
Marvelous is His estate.

In the heavens, earth, and seas,
He His pleasure did in these;
In all places, hidden deep,
There He did His marvels keep.

He the vapor makes ascend
From the earth's remotest end;
He for rain the lightning brings,
Gives the raging tempest wings.

There in Egypt, by His hand,
Died the first-born of the land;
Tokens, wonderful and great,
There did Pharaoh await.

Nations great He cut in two;
Yea, and mighty monarchs slew;
Sihon He compelled to yield;
Og of Bashan fled the field.

All the kingdoms captured were
In that land of promise fair,
And to Israel their land
Given was by God's own hand.

Lord, Thy name, from shore to shore,
Shall endure for evermore;
Thy memorial shall stand
Changeless in that favored land.

For the Lord His people will
Judge, and guard, and nourish, still;
He will not His own forsake,
But will to their help awake.

Idols that the heathen hold,
Are of silver and of gold;
Mouths have they, but they speak not,
Vain are prayers unto them brought.

Eyes have they, but void of sight—
One to them, are dark and light;
They have ears, but do not hear,
Nor doth breath their mouths come near.

They that make them are the same,
Having but a lifeless name;
As are they who trust in them;
All their works do them condemn.

Bless the Lord, O Israel!
Of His loving kindness tell;
House of Aaron! bless the Lord,
Spread abroad His living word.

House of Levi! service bring
To the high exalted King;
Ye that fear Jehovah, praise;
Saints of God! your anthems raise.

Out of Zion blessed be
God, who brought us liberty:
Praise His name! His name adore!
Praise the Lord for evermore.

PSALM 136

Give thanks unto the Lord,
For He alone is good;
His tender mercy ever hath
Through all the ages stood.

Give thanks unto the God
Who ruleth over all;
His tender mercies never cease
Unto the great and small.

Give thanks unto the Lord,
The Lord of lords on high;
His tender mercy is to those
Who unto Him draw nigh.

Give thanks to Him who doth
Great wonders here below;
His tender mercies, lavishly,
He doth on all bestow.

Give thanks to Him who by
His wisdom all things made;
His tender mercies ever are
Upon His children laid.

Give thanks to Him who formed
The earth o'er waters vast;
His tender mercy over all
He hath around us cast.

Give thanks to Him who made
Great lights above to shine;
His tender mercy ever is,
Like boundless space, divine.

Give thanks to Him who placed
The sun to rule by day;
God's mercy, never failing, shall
Light the believer's way.

Give thanks to Him who formed
The moon and stars for night;
His mercy still endures to guide
Our dim and searching sight.

Give thanks to Him that smote
Egypt in her first-born;
His mercy thus was reaching far,
To lift for us an horn.

Give thanks to Him who brought
His people safely out;
His mercy still to His is found
A bulwark round about.

Give thanks for His strong hand,
And for His stretched out arm;
His grace and mercy reaches all,
To rescue them from harm.

Give thanks to Him who did
The sea in parts divide;
For still His mercy shall with them
That trust in Him, abide.

Give thanks to Him who brought
His people safely through,
For thus His mercy, ever kind,
He daily will renew.

The proud Egyptian hosts
Were in the sea o'erthrown,
But God's unfailing mercy did
Guide and protect His own.

Give thanks to Him who led,
Through the vast wilderness,
His people; for His mercy doth
Guide them in times of stress.

Give thanks to Him who smote
Great kings, and strong kings slew;
His mercy everlasting is,
And giveth courage new.

Give thanks that Sihon fell,
And Og, of Bashan, died;
For thus God's mercy there made strong
Those that on Him relied.

He, for an heritage,
Gave unto them their land;
For He His mercy measures out
With an unfailing hand.

Yea, for an heritage
Gave it to Israel;
For thus God's mercy, kind and great,
In showers on them fell.

He us remembered still,
While in our low estate,
For oh! His mercy still is shown,
His kindness still is great.

From all our enemies,
The Lord hath us redeemed;
His mercy, all far-reaching, hath
Been greater than it seemed.

Give thanks to Him who hath
Provided food for all;
His mercy never faileth when
His children on Him call.

Give thanks, give thanks unto
The God of Heaven above,
For now His mercy is the same,
And changeless is His love.

PSALM 137

By the rivers, smoothly flowing,
In far distant Babylon,
There we wept, when we remembered
Zion and her pleasures gone:
Yea, we there upon the willows
Hung our silent harps and wept,
For from city and from country.
We as captives had been swept.

And our captors had demanded
Of us now a native song;
Songs that we had sung in Zion,
Songs that to our land belong.
How shall we, while still in bondage,
Sing God's song in a strange land?
How shall we, while tears are falling,
Now comply with their demand?

O Jerusalem! if ever
I forget thee and thy joy,
Let my right hand then her cunning
Never more her skill employ;
If I do not thee remember,
Silent then remain my tongue,
If Jerusalem I do not
Now prefer all joys among.

Lord, recall the sons of Edom,
In our day of tears and groans;
They who cried with shouts to raze it,
E'en to its foundation stones.
O thou child of Babylonia,
Who art soon to be destroyed,
Happy they, who in that mission
Worthy are to be employed.

PSALM 138

With my whole heart Thee will I praise,
And psalms of joy will gladly sing;
Within Thy temple I will raise
My songs on faith's triumphant wing.

For all Thy truth unto me shown,
Thy lovingkindness to me given,
For these, I bow before Thy throne
And worship Thee, Thou God of Heaven.

Lo! in the day of sore distress,
When I besought Thy help with tears,
Thou didst me hear, and didst me bless,
And strengthened me to meet my fears.

O Lord, the kings of all the earth,
Shall bless Thee when they hear Thy words;
Yea, in Thy ways, with holy mirth,
They'll sing for what Thy grace affords.

Though God, the Lord, is high, yet He
Unto the lowly hath respect;
But they who proud and scornful be,
The great Jehovah will reject.

Though I must walk through troubles sore,
Thy grace shall still my faith revive;
Thy mighty hand, stretched out before,
Shall strength from vengeful foes deprive.

That which concerneth me, God will
Make perfect in His own right way:
Thy mercy, Lord, endureth still;
Forsake me not, I humbly pray.

PSALM 139

O Lord, Thou hast me searched
With Thine unsleeping eyes;
Thou knowest when I rest,
And when to work I rise:
Thou understandeth all my thought,
'Tis instantly unto Thee brought.

Thou dost surround my path,
And all I do therein;
My ways are known to Thee,
My righteousness and sin;
Upon my tongue there's not a word,
But what Thine ear, O Lord, hath heard.

Thou hast surrounded me,
And laid on me Thy hand;
Thou leadest me in ways
I cannot understand:
Such knowledge is too great for me,
'Tis high, its end I cannot see.

O whither shall I go,
Where Thou canst not me see?
Or from Thy presence where
Shall I for safety flee?
Nowhere in all Thy kingdom wide,
Can I, Jehovah, from Thee hide.

If I to heaven ascend,
Thou dost its glory share;
If I lie down in hell,
Thou art, O Lord, e'en there:
There is no place where Thou art not,—
Impress on me this solemn thought.

If I take wings and fly
To the most distant sea,
'Tis there Thy hand doth lead,
Thy right hand holdeth me;
Or if I say: "Night shall me hide."
E'en in the dark, Thou dost abide.

The deepest darkness doth
Hide nothing from Thy sight,
For all about Thee shines
Pure and celestial light;
Unto Thy holy eyes divine,
The night as brightest day doth shine

Thou hast possessed my life,
And all my members laid,—
Thee will I praise, for I
Am wonderfully made.
Of all Thy works, no tongue can tell,
And what Thou doest, Lord, is well.

Before my frame was formed,
Thine eyes did me behold;
My members in Thy book,
Were written there of old;
While yet they were unformed, Thy mind
Did hope and pleasure in them find.

How precious also are
Thy thoughts unto me, Lord;
In number they are more
Than pen can e'er record:
In sleep I can Thy presence see;
When I awake I'm still with Thee.

Thou, Lord, wilt surely slay
All the unrighteous, then;
Depart from me, therefore,
Ye bloody-minded men,—
For they against Thee evil speak;
To harm Thee, Lord, Thy foes do seek.

Do not I hate all those
That do Thy name despise?
Am not I grieved with them
That do against Thee rise?
I hate with perfect hatred these,
I count them all mine enemies.

Search me, O Lord, I pray;
Search me, and know my heart;
Try me and know my thoughts,
And grace to me impart;
If evil tempts me to transgress,
Lead me in ways of righteousness.

PSALM 140

Lord, Jehovah, me deliver
From the evil man's design;
From the man of blood preserve me;
Save me by Thy strength divine.
They which in their hearts imagine
Only mischief to my harm,
These, when they for war are gathered,
Overthrow, and then disarm.

They with hate their tongues have sharpened,
Adder's poisons from them flow;
Lord, preserve me from the wicked,
Who my plans would overthrow.
Snares the proud have hidden for me,
Cords along my path I meet;
Nets and gins along the wayside,
There retard my hastening feet.

Then I said: O Lord, Jehovah!
Thou alone art still my God;
Listen to my supplications,
Lift for me Thy sacred rod.
Thou, the strength of my salvation,
Hast been unto me a shield;
Thou hast in the day of battle,
Caused mine enemies to yield.

The endeavors of the wicked,
Grant not, Lord, I humbly pray;
Hinder all their false devices,
Lest they triumph in the way.
As for those that me encompass,
Let their own sins cover them;
Let the fires for their destruction,
All their wicked plots o'erwhelm.

Let not now an evil speaker
Be established in the earth;
Evil shall the man of mischief
Follow, e'er his words have birth,
Yea, 'twill seek to overthrow him,
All his schemes shall come to naught;
All his malice and his hatred,
Shall against himself be brought.

Now I know that God, Jehovah,
The afflicted will maintain,
And their cause will be supported,
For the Lord of truth doth reign;
Surely then, O Lord, the righteous
Shall unto Thy name give praise,
And shall in Thy holy presence
Dwell in safety all their days.

PSALM 141

Lord, to Thee my soul doth look;
Hasten, and to me draw near;
When I cry to Thee in prayer,
To my voice, O Lord, give ear;
Let my prayer ascend to Thee;
As an incense let it rise,
And the lifting of my hands,
As the evening sacrifice.

Set a watch before my mouth;
Of my lips, keep Thou the door;
Let not now my heart incline
Unto evil any more,
Nor to practice wicked works
In their place where sinners meet;
At their table let me not
Of their dainties ever eat.

Let the righteous smite me, Lord,
It shall be a kindness true,
And let him reprove my sin,
It shall me a service do;
It, when ministered in love,
Shall an oil of healing be,
And my prayer for them shall rise
In each dark calamity.

When their judges are o'erthrown,
When they stony places meet,
They shall hear but words of peace,
When I them in pity greet.
Lo! our bones are scattered far,
At the grave's mouth left to dry;
E'en as lies the sundered wood,
Do our lifeless members lie.

But mine eyes are unto Thee,
O Lord God of Israel;
What may yet against me rise,
It shall, with Thy help, be well.
Lord in Thee is all my trust,
All my cares on Thee I roll;
Lord Jehovah, heed my prayer!
Leave not destitute my soul.

Keep me from the hurtful snares,
Snares that foes have laid for me,
And the covered plots of all
Workers of iniquity;
Let the wicked fall into
Their own nets that they have made,
Whilst that I in peace escape
Hidden traps that they have laid.

PSALM 142

I cried unto the Lord,
To Him I made my plea;
Yea, I my supplications made
To Him on bended knee.

I poured out my complaint,
My griefs were all made known;
My troubles and perplexities
Were there unto Him shown.

Lord, when my spirit was
Cast down and sore afraid,
Thou knewest all my path, and how
My foes their snares had laid.

My foes in secret laid
A snare to catch my feet;
I looked around, if happily,
A friend I there should meet.

But lo! there was no friend,
Who would me know or aid;
All refuge failed me, no one cared
What snares for me were laid.

Then cried I unto Thee,
I said: O Lord, Thou art
My refuge and my portion here,
Thy strength to me impart.

For I am now brought low;
Attend unto my cry;
From all my foes deliver me,
They stronger are than I.

Deliver now my soul;
It out of prison bring,
That I may praise Thy holy name,
And of Thy mercies sing.

The righteous, yet, in time,
Shall compass me about;
For Thou shalt kindly deal with me,
Dispelling ev'ry doubt.

PSALM 143

Hear Thou my prayer, Almighty God,
Give ear to my entreating cries;
Give answer in Thy faithfulness—
Thy righteous love no plea denies.

Lord, enter not in judgment with
Thy servant in his low estate,
For in Thy sight no living man
Exempt from sin can ever wait.

Alas! the enemy most dread
Hath persecuted sore my soul;
He hath me smitten to the ground,
And made thick darkness o'er me roll.

Therefore my spirit is o'erwhelmed;
My heart within me mourns alone,
While I recall the days of old,
And muse on all that Thou hast done.

I stretch my pleading hands to Thee;
My waiting soul for Thee dost thirst;
Hear me, O Lord, hide not Thy face,
Lest I be like the souls accurst.

When morning breaks, cause me to hear
Thy gentle voice of peace and love—
In Thee I trust; show me the way;
I lift my soul to Thee above.

Deliver me from ev'ry foe;
In Thee my troubled soul would hide:
Teach me to do Thy holy will;
Let me in righteousness abide.

O quicken me for Thy name's sake!
My soul from trouble deign to bring;
Cut off my foes; destroy them all;
Then songs of praises I shall sing.

PSALM 144

Blest be the Lord, my strength,
Who teacheth me to war;
My everlasting Rock,
My tower, seen from far:
He is my Shield in whom I trust;
He giveth me dominion just.

Lord, what is man that Thou
Dost knowledge of him take?
Or what his offspring, Lord,
That dost Thy love awake?
Man is like vanity; his day
Doth, like a shadow, pass away.

Bow down the heavens, Lord,
And in Thy power come down;
The mountains touch, and smoke
Shall burst from out their crown;
Cast lightnings forth; them scatter all,
And on them let Thine arrows fall.

Thy hand send from above;
Free, and deliver me
From the great waters wild;
From strangers set me free,
Whose mouth but vanity doth speak;
Whose false right hand doth mischief seek.

A song of praise to Thee,
A new song, I will sing,
And instruments of praise,
To worship Thee, I'll bring:
'Tis God who doth salvation give;
'Tis He who bids His servants live.

Deliver me, O Lord,
From the false stranger's hand,
Whose mouth spreads vanity
And falsehood through the land;
He whose right hand doth falsehood spread,
And brings distress upon our head.

So that our sons may be
As plants grown in their youth;
Our daughters, pure and firm,
Like corner stones of truth;
Our garners full of ev'ry store,
Our sheep increased yet more and more.

And that our oxen may
For labor be made strong;
And no invaders come,
Nor foes to us belong,
That there be no complaining word
Within our streets henceforward heard.

How blest that people is,
Who live in such a case!
Thrice happy are all they,
Who know Jehovah's face,
And who can say with one accord:
We are His people; He, our Lord.

PSALM 145

Thee I'll extol, Jehovah God, my King;
Thy name I'll bless and Thy great acts proclaim;
I daily will unto Thee tribute bring,
And daily I'll exalt Thy holy name.

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised;
Thy greatness is unsearchable and rare;
One generation's voice for Thee is raised,
The coming ones Thy greatness still declare.

Of all Thy glorious majesty I'll tell,
And of Thy wondrous works my tongue shall speak;
Men shall recount Thy deeds for Israel,
And Thy great acts shall tell unto the weak.

The mem'ry of Thy goodness they'll recall,
And their rich gifts of homage to Thee bring;
In reverence they will before Thee fall,
And songs of praise in adoration sing.

The Lord is good, compassionate and kind;
He slow to anger is, and has a pity great;
The Lord is good to all; in Him we find
His tender mercies will upon us wait.

All, all Thy works shall praise Thee, mighty God;
Thy saints shall praise, and of Thy glory speak;
They'll talk of Thy correcting, guiding rod;
The glory of Thy kingdom they will seek.

Thy mighty acts they would to all make known,
The glory of Thy kingdom they would tell;
Thy kingdom everlasting is, Thy throne
Shall stand secure wherever Thou dost dwell.

The Lord upholdeth His when they would fall;
He raiseth up all those that are cast down;
The eyes of all look unto Thee; their call
Thou wilt attend, and their petitions crown.

Thou openest Thy hand, and ev'ry need
Of creatures here below is satisfied;
The Lord is righteous, He His own will feed;
He faithful is, no good will be denied.

To all that call upon Him he is nigh;
The Lord is near to all that in Him trust;
When they are troubled He will hear their cry,
And He will save them, for the Lord is just.

The Lord preserveth them that do him love;
The angels in their welfare He'll employ,
And send as messengers from courts above—
But all the wicked He will soon destroy.

My mouth shall speak the praises of the Lord,
And tell of all His glory o'er and o'er;
Let the whole earth arise with one accord,
And praise His holy name for evermore.

PSALM 146

Praise ye the Lord our God!
My soul with rapture praise!
Long as I live I'll praise the Lord,
And sacred anthems raise.

Put not your trust in men,
Nor e'en in princes trust;
They helpless are when trials come,
Though with intentions just.

His breath departs, and he
Lies down inanimate;
His thoughts, they perish with him, and
No more upon him wait.

Happy is he that hath
The God of Jacob near,
To give him help in times of stress,
And his petitions hear.

He who the heavens made,
The earth, and all therein;
The God who righteous is and true,
And conquereth all sin.

Who judgment doth mete out,
When He injustice sees;
Who giveth to the hungry food,
And the imprisoned frees.

Who openeth the eyes
Of the bewildered blind;
Who raiseth them that are cast down;
Who to the good is kind.

The Lord preserveth e'en
The strangers that are His;
He to the fatherless and lone
A true protector is.

But wickedness He hates;
On evil He doth frown;
The plans of wicked men He sees,
And turns their projects down.

The Lord, our God, shall reign,
O Zion! evermore;
Praise ye the Lord! exalt His name!
Praise Him, and Him adore.

PSALM 147

O praise ye Jehovah! 'tis seemly to praise;
In songs of devotion our thoughts to Him raise;
It surely is pleasant and comely for all
In sweet adoration before Him to fall.

Our Zion doth God in His wisdom build up;
The outcasts of Jacob shall there with Him sup;
In pity He healeth the broken in heart,
He bindeth their wounds and a balm doth impart.

He telleth the number of stars, and by Him
They are called, and are led through passages dim;
O great is the Lord! and of infinite power;
His knowledge is wonderful! high it doth tower.

The meek, with God's help, in high places are found,
The wicked He casteth in scorn to the ground;
O praise ye the Lord with thanksgiving, and sing,
Sing praise on the harp; to our God music bring.

He formeth the clouds in the heavens for rain;
He starteth the grass on mountain and plain;
His hand doth bestow on the beast needed food;
The cry of young birds is by Him understood.

The strength of the horse is not His delight,
Nor taketh He pleasure in man's rapid flight;
The Lord taketh pleasure in them that Him fear;
To those that have hope in His mercy, He's near.

Jerusalem! praise ye the Lord; Him proclaim;
O Zion! sing praises to God's holy name,
For He hath well strengthened the bars of thy gates;
His children within thee His blessing awaits.

He maketh sweet peace in thy borders to dwell;
With finest of wheat He heapeth thee well;
He sendeth His precepts abroad on the earth,
His word runneth swiftly, the world to engirth.

Like wool is the snow that He maketh to fall;
The hoarfrost, like ashes, He spreads over all;
He casteth forth ice, frozen hard, from the sky;
Who, who can endure the fierce cold and not die!

He breathes on the ice, and it melteth away;
No longer imprisoned the waters will stay.
To Jacob, His servant, He showeth His word,
His statutes and judgments His chosen have heard.

He hath not to others such mercy e'er shown;
And as for His judgments, they have not them known.
O praise ye Jehovah! and worship accord;
Ye saints of Jerusalem, praise ye the Lord!

PSALM 148

Praise ye the Lord for His great love;
Praise ye the Lord, ye heavens above;
Praise Him, all ye, His angels fair;
Praise Him ye hosts that worship there.

Praise Him, thou sun, with warmth and light;
Praise Him, thou moon throughout the night;
Praise Him, ye stars that greet our eyes;
Praise Him, ye heavens above the skies.

Let them all praise God's holy name:
He spake; they into being came;
Them He established in a class;
Gave them a law which shall not pass.

Praise ye the Lord, ye teeming earth;
Ye deeps, break into holy mirth;
Ye vapors, fire, and hail, and snow,
And stormy wind, His power show.

Mountains and hills, and fruitful trees,
And cedars, praise with all of these;
All beasts and cattle, creeping things,
And fowl that swiftly fly on wings.

Kings of the earth with lordly realm,
And subjects that bow down to them;
Princes and judges, join the throng,
And praise the Lord with endless song.

Young men and maidens, praise the Lord;
Old men and children, praise accord;
Let them all praise God's holy name,
Let them His majesty proclaim.

His name alone is excellent,
Who hath us ev'ry blessing sent;
His glory reaches far above
The earth and heaven of His love.

He also hath exalted well
The oft down-trodden Israel;
Therefore, ye saints of His, rejoice;
Praise ye the Lord with thankful voice.

PSALM 149

Praise ye the Lord Jehovah!
To Him sing a new song;
Sing in the congregation,
Praise doth to Him belong.
Let Israel, rejoicing
In their Creator, sing;
And let the hosts of Zion
Be joyful in their King.

Let them in sacred dances
Bring praise unto His name;
Upon the harp and timbrel,
Let saints His praise proclaim;
For God, the Lord, takes pleasure,
His people thus to see;
With grace He will adorn them,
And with salvation free.

Let all the saints be joyful,
Let glory on them shine;
Let them in the night watches
Sing songs of praise divine;

Yea, let glad songs of praises
Flow forth with ev'ry word,
While their right hand is holding
A sharp two-edged sword.

To execute quick vengeance
Upon the foes of God,
And punishments on people
Who will defy His rod;
To hold their chiefs in fetters,
And bind their kings with chains,
Till Christ, with power unquestioned,
O'er all His kingdom reigns.

This honor and this glory
Has the most humble saint,
Who fights against all evil,
Nor lets his heart grow faint;
Who, when dark dangers threaten,
Grows most courageous then;
This honor, saints, awaits you;
Praise ye the Lord. Amen.

PSALM 150

Praise ye the Lord! exalt His name!
Within the sanctuary praise;
Praise Him within the firmament
Of His unchanging power always.

Praise Him for all His mighty acts;
For all His greatness, praise accord;
Praise Him with trumpet and with harp;
With psaltery, praise ye the Lord.

Praise Him with timbrel tuned anew;
Praise Him on instruments of strings;
Let organs sound aloud His praise,
And cymbals lend to praise swift wings.

Let ev'ry thing that breathes draw near
In joyful adoration then,
And in one mighty concourse shout:
Praise ye the Lord! Amen, Amen.